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Current Comments

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The Virtues of Silence

NOT since the days of Thomas Carlyle has anyone preached the virtues of silence so noisily as Mr. Hore Belisha. It is, indeed, a long time since anyone has made so much noise about anything except cricket and tennis. Perhaps in the circumstances a measure of praise is due. The first step to the solution of any problem is to recognize its existence, and the Minister of Transport has undoubtedly noticed the mortality on the roads. He is not, however, the first person to do so, and there is, unfortunately, no reason to suppose that he will be the last, since he has given little sign so far that he is prepared for the very drastic and far-reaching measures which will be necessary to stop the scandal. The necessary remedy is, of course, the creation of conditions in which it is possible to insist on the criminal responsibility of the driver or pedestrian responsible for the accident. At present responsibility is divided, there is no financial risk, and except in cases of drunkenness—and very rarely then, since drunkenness is a matter of degree, not of fact—no bench or jury will ordinarily convict a motorist of any criminal charge. This state of affairs can only be remedied by a clear definition of the responsibilities of drivers and other road users along lines which leave to the Courts only the determination of simple questions of fact. Responsibility for road accidents must, in other words, be brought into the category of fact, and no longer be allowed to remain a matter of opinion.

Re-Educating Public Opinion

THIS may seem a tall order. It involves, as a mere beginning, a clear definition of the rights of pedestrians, of the right of one driver to pass another on the

road, of the responsibilities of drivers turning in or out of main roads or at cross roads. But the policy suggested has one overwhelming merit. It is based on a simple principle whose application will have the desired result. If, for instance, a driver turning into or crossing a main road is required by law to stop dead before doing so, and is then aware that if he fails to do so and an accident results he will go to gaol for six months with no more chance of avoiding the penalty than a burglar caught in the act, the law will be obeyed. If a pedestrian crossing a main road at an unauthorized crossing place knows the same thing, he will not cross. Again, if every driver is liable personally for the first £1,000 of damage caused by his negligence or criminality and is required as a condition of obtaining a licence to produce sureties for this amount, the attitude of drivers in other circumstances less easily defined will be vastly different. It may be argued that public opinion prefers slaughter on the roads to a policy which would diminish the opportunities of irresponsible people to amuse themselves at other people's risk and expense (for, of course, it is the responsible motorist who pays for the damages caused by fools and knaves). If so, public opinion must be re-educated into a sense of decency and proportion. One thing may be added. Those who wish for peace and disarmament will realize that there is no hope whatever of realizing their dreams until public opinion once more accepts human life as sacred.

Mr. Hore Belisha's Opportunity

MR. HORE BELISHA has in his new department a very great opportunity. He will have, if he is to prove worthy of it, to turn his back on the vile modern habit of government by conference and revert to government in accordance with justice. We confess to reading with alarm of his conferences with the "interests" concerned. No "interests" are "concerned" in a matter of this kind. The words used signify a hopeless

confusion of thought. Government is not a matter of compromising between rival "interests," but of asserting and enforcing just principles. Only when these principles have been determined by government, and on their own responsibility, which they cannot escape, is it wise and proper to consult "the interests"—not with a view, of course, to securing their approval of the principles—which is a matter for the King in Parliament—but in order to secure their rigorous fulfilment with the minimum of enforcement from above.

The Geneva Hotel

THE admission of Russia into the League of Nations has dealt a crushing blow at the prestige of that organization. That prestige rested on Christian sentiment. We use the word sentiment advisedly, because it was by no means clear that the League was ever informed, or was even intended by its founders to be informed, by Christian principles. But it was at least regarded, in a homely idiom, as a club which demanded certain standards of conduct in its members and was prepared, if not to insist upon them, at least to make it as unpleasant as possible for those who fell short of them. Now we learn that it is not a club, but merely an hotel: that the object of the shareholders is to fill their hotel at all costs, regardless of whether those who patronize it pay their bills or may be expected to conform to the other requirements of the case. It is, indeed, so we are anxiously assured by its supporters, not even a good hotel. Any one is allowed to come in. As long as they sign the register no questions are asked. We all know this kind of hotel, but we have yet to learn that its existence is justified by the beneficial influence exerted by the respectable residents on its less reputable clientèle.

Morality and Gresham's Law

UNFORTUNATELY, a very little knowledge of human nature tells that exactly the opposite is the case. Bad morals drive out good. M. Litvinoff will not go

back shamefaced to Moscow to tell his government that they must restore Church property and freedom of conscience, because he has found that in the best political circles these things are a breach of etiquette —perhaps even an actual social solecism. On the contrary, we shall find Sir John Simon and M. Barthou paying fulsome compliments to the sincerity of Russia's desire to co-operate in the establishment of world peace and the new Utopia. They will not, of course, believe it. But having insisted on giving Russia a permanent seat in the Council, what else can they say? And when next the League is called in to protest against atrocities and persecutions, what moral force will be left in those unctuous accents to which they have accustomed us? When Professor Gilbert Murray next pleads for our support for the latest assertion by the League of high-sounding principles, will he append a postscript to his letter to say that the Powers represented on the Council do not themselves believe in the validity of these principles, but that their signature has been secured on the understanding that they shall not be required to put them into practice except where it is in their own interests to do so? Or will he, on the contrary, tell us that the assertion of these principles is a proof of the awakening of the conscience of humanity and a striking demonstration of the error of those who asserted that the Russian Government was not actuated by the highest liberal principles? By this time, at any rate, the rest of the pack will be in full cry. In contrast with Western civilization, the exalted idealism of the Slav and Chinese peoples will be the talk of every gutter, and the Council of Civil Liberties will be another step forward on its march to the destruction of liberty.

Nonsense About Sport

A WORD of comment is called for at the end of the cricket season. The Australian victory in the Test matches was not received as it should have been. The

suggestion, on the contrary, was made on all sides, that if the tactics employed in Australia had been employed here the result would have been different. If so, it is evident that the tactics employed were by no means as innocuous as suggested. We bowled more than once to a leg field and without causing the Australians any inconvenience. It is perfectly clear that the fast ball bowled persistently short of a length and off the wicket on the leg side is the ball to which objection was taken and which was not bowled by the English bowlers in the recent series of matches. Do we really want to see this type of bowling used? If the Australians can win without it, are we so feeble and so lacking in skill that we have got to confess a permanent inferiority? No cricketer believes it. The Press have done their best to stir up bad feeling among the ignorant, while making an absurd fuss about the games as a whole. The modern habit of slobbering over professional athletes is disgusting. It is supposed to keep people from thinking, and it is an axiom among Conservative newspaper proprietors that, if people think, they will think in a sense hostile to the interests of Conservative newspaper proprietors. The argument is not necessarily one which involves any criticism of the quality of popular thought, but it is certainly in other respects foolish. The rubbish poured out about the Test matches, Miss Dorothy Round's tears, Mr. Henry Cotton's nerves, and all the rest of it, disgusted an overwhelming majority. People even turned to the political news for relief. If they were not pleased with what they found, the fault was not theirs.

Boom or Slump

THE trade and unemployment situation remains unsatisfactory. In saying that we are far from ignoring the extent of the recovery. It is precisely because the slump is over that we view the facts and figures with alarm. We have recovered to a level of prosperity far lower than that associated with any previous recovery.

Previous slumps died away and left us with a million unemployed—a number probably not much more than twice the 1913 figure. This last slump has left us with a basic figure of over 2,000,000 unemployed, and a literally appalling and increasing figure of destitution. The argument of the Government Press, based on alleged statistics of employment as opposed to unemployment, is, of course, silly. The figures of the unemployed are simply the statistical reflection of the failure of a country, over a given period of time, to absorb its normal increase in population. The fact that a country has absorbed part of its normal increase merely proves the obvious fact that unemployment might have been higher than it is. On this line of argument any government can claim credit at any time for the fact that anyone is employed.

The Truth About Juvenile Unemployment

THE increase in juvenile unemployment, so far from being unimportant, is by far the most serious feature of the returns. The real economic tragedy is not the concentrated adult unemployment in the certain basic industries. This is a pitiful human tragedy, but, considered economically, it is due to defined causes which do not reflect on our capacity for general recovery. The economic tragedy is the general shrinkage in the capacity of trade and industry to employ. This shrinkage is masked by the reluctance of employers to discharge old employees, but all over the country vacancies, as they occur, are not being filled. This is the lesson of the figures of juvenile unemployment. The idea that the situation could be remedied by the compulsory retirement of people over sixty is, unfortunately, fallacious. Many of the improved balance sheets, of which there are, fortunately, many, are due as much to economies in overhead and labour costs as to expanding demand.

"Dislocation" and Unemployment

SUCH expansion of demand as has taken place (and it is in many cases substantial) is for food and amuse-

ments, including motor-cars. This expansion is healthy when it is the result of increased national productivity. When it is the result of a transfer of spending power from those engaged in productive industry to those not so engaged it is less satisfactory. Questions of politics apart, it contributes to the dislocation of industry and so increases unemployment. Such dislocations, due to changes in taste, inventions, conditions in foreign markets, and acts of God, such as famines and floods, are permanent and, to some extent, inevitable causes of unemployment. They are, in fact, the explanation of what, in Irish idiom, may be called the permanent core of temporary unemployment which was a pre-war, as well as a post-war, phenomenon. Politicians and economists have, however, made far too little allowance for exceptional dislocation as a main cause of exceptional unemployment. Most of their remedies for unemployment have, for this reason, added to the evil instead of diminishing it. Further, the effects of a sudden dislocation, such as is caused by the redistribution of vast amounts of income by taxation or by using, for example, the savings on loan conversion for other services to other classes of the community, are seen in unduly high profits in some industries and bankruptcy in others, thus creating the very extremes of wealth and poverty which social reformers desire to cure.

Money and the Politicians

THOSE who wish to introduce a little daylight into the discussion of our troubles would do well to compare the foreign trade turnover in 1913 with that of to-day. They will find that, with approximately the same turnover, we are attempting to meet the interest on ten times the amount of debt, while our national and local expenditure is four times as large. The persistent refusal of the politicians of all parties to do more than refer cautiously to monetary problems in speeches is not, however, wholly the politicians' fault. The so-called experts—bankers, economists and industrialists—have

given an endless variety of inexcusably divergent advice, little of which they have been able under cross-examination to explain, much less to defend. A reader of my notes last month, with a long experience of public life, draws my attention forcibly to this, with particular reference to those "experts" who have from time to time given their views and advice to the 1922 Committee at the House of Commons. I am sure my friend is justified in what he says; the fact remains that the politicians have failed to realize that all monetary problems are in their essence political. They will not solve themselves; the appropriate solution depends on what result you want to achieve. When our national leaders have decided, for instance, whether they want to assist the *rentier* and the receivers of guaranteed incomes by keeping prices at their present level, or to assist productive industry by raising them, and when they have further decided whether, as a long-term policy, to sub-ordinate the internal price level to the foreign exchanges (in the interest of overseas trade), or to aim at a stable price level (in the interests of stability at home and justice between debtor and creditor, between debenture and ordinary shareholder, and between landord and tenant) then the experts will be able to tell them how best to achieve their end. But if I know anything of them, they will have to be prevented forcibly from confusing the issue by mixing up their own political views with their technical advice. Confusion as to the function of experts is at the root of most of the post-war muddles.

Manœuvering for position

THE usual pre-election manœuvres are in full swing. While the government, like all centre governments since the War, is preparing to move to the left, the Labour party is moving to the centre. Both political caucuses are, of course, converging on the "moderate man," who is foolishly supposed to hold views half-way between socialism and individualism, armament and disarmament, nationalism and internationalism. The

results, in terms of programmes, are more worthy of Bedlam than of Westminster. We are to have a large air force, but no navy; we stand fast by the League of Nations, but have no continental commitments; we stand for private enterprise, which is to be preserved by a constant increase in government control of industry; we stand for the sanctity of contracts and repudiate our debts; for prudent finance and we suspend the sinking fund. On the other side of the fence, we are to disarm, but to be ready to fight for the League of Nations; we are to compensate the shareholders in socialized industry, but by means of terminable annuities; we are to abolish the House of Lords and take other powers to enable the socialization of industry to be carried through in one Parliament so thoroughly as to be irrevocable, yet to die in the last ditch in defence of the rights of the people to change their minds as often as they think fit.

Where is the Moderate Man?

WHERE is this "moderate man" who is supposed to be so completely lacking in elementary intelligence that he can only be appealed to by nonsense of this kind? I refuse to believe that he exists. I am simple enough to think that the socialist party depends for its strength in the country on people who sincerely believe in socialism (which is, of course, impossible without confiscation) and that the anti-socialist parties are supported at the polls by people who sincerely believe in private enterprise. Both groups of electors rightly and properly regard the Parliamentary system as a means to an end. Individualists wish to see the system used to introduce such reforms as will restore health to private enterprise. Socialists wish to see it used to introduce socialism. If it ever becomes evident that there is no honest intention of using the system for either end, but merely to preserve, in a state of suspended animation, the existing compromise between the property and the propertiless state, we shall throw the bulk of

the electorate into the arms of the fascist and revolutionary socialist leaders. The conservative party conference will have to face this issue, if they wish to save the Parliamentary system. They will have to turn their backs on electoral manœuvres, which merely lead to abstentions at the polls, and assert political principles. It is probably too late to prevent an electoral disaster in 1936 (or earlier). There is still time to formulate a robust and intelligent policy of constructive reform and to insist that it be placed before the country by leaders who have faith in it. Then the country will at least have the assurance that, when the next crisis comes, socialism will not be the only alternative to the present discredited system of compromise and confusion.

A Question for Sir John Simon

IF treaties cannot be denounced unilaterally, how can a nation undo the mistakes of its past or meet new conditions? If it is seriously suggested that an international arrangement is binding in perpetuity, and cannot be abrogated except by international consent, what nation is going to sign any treaty? And does not this doctrine put a premium on treaty-breaking of the kind indulged in by Germany in 1914. If it be the case that Germany could not have denounced her signature to the guarantee of Belgian neutrality, for the sake of example, in 1910, without breaking international law, our whole case against her action in August, 1914, is modified. The British case rested on the fact that the Treaty had never been denounced, and that, if it had been, other effective measures to safeguard Belgian neutrality could and would have been taken. Would not Sir John Simon do better to recall the wise reflection of General Smuts, that wars arise out of "intolerable situations," and that if the new international order makes it impossible for a nation to escape from an intolerable situation legally and honourably, the result will not be peace but a greatly increased risk of war.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Will The Kings Come Back?

By Ashley Sampson

THE spectacle of Europe to-day must present to anyone who contemplates it—be he a communist, a fascist or a monarchist—a largely dismantled picture with at least as much to deplore in it as to approve. To the communist it must resemble a garden whose eastern province possesses all the attributes of a place in the sun—blooming, growing and flourishing, while the remainder is under a cloud of shade—patches of which are as black as night, and all desolate and unsprouting. The fascist's Europe is more patchy—sprouting here and there with a full bloom in the centre; but to the monarchist the picture is one which has flourished and is dying—dying in patches, it is true; but dying of a disease which is infectious, and threatens the whole body. To none of these three gentlemen does Europe present an attractive spectacle, then; but to the fascist and communist there is a certain likeness—in that each is watching the growth of something new; but the monarchist contemplates the death of something old.

Now they would all of them probably justify the view which they adopted upon political grounds; but I maintain that the study of history discloses an important fact—the fact that politics have very little to do with such changes. Politicians get to work when the changes have been brought about; but the changes themselves come about through quite natural causes—hunger, the greed for power, education or the lack of it, scientific inventions, religious reformations and almost anything except party politics. Just as some of the most important wars in English history have been decided by the weather, so some of the most important events in European history have come about through the ungratified or overfed instincts of man; and, as a student of psychology, I have found the pursuit of the causes to their roots a profitable and enlightening pastime. What are the instincts—racial and personal—that the government must satisfy or be

overthrown, and what form of government is best adapted to gratify these instincts in the best and most satisfactory way without overfeeding them or putting them at variance with other instincts?

These are big questions—involving philosophy, ethnology, sociology, theology, and ultimately politics as well as psychology; but our field is considerably narrowed if we take Europe alone. Here we have a stock which, if not common in origins, was at least so in culture, civilization and in religion until recent times; and we have not got to go very far back in history to reach a period when all except the eastern slice of the continent flourished in a unity which must be the envy of every communist and fascist who believes in the future of his own creed. I say "flourished" advisedly, for I admit an element of beastliness as well as crudeness to have existed in the mediæval policy; but this beastliness was the result of psychological forces at work that we shall deal with in the second half of our article; and this crudeness was at worst a negative quality—one that would be outgrown when culture and education had displaced a latent and inherited barbarism. The mediæval policy was based upon the classical conception of government; toleration, comprehensiveness and unity; and the clash only came when one of these attributes threatened the stability of the others.

The final collapse came, of course, at the Reformation. Here unity was threatened to such an extent that toleration would have destroyed it. The Pope had been the centre of unity in Europe for a thousand years; and the psychological necessity which men from the earliest times have always felt for a visible impersonation of humanity in a single personage was met in the person of the Pope. He was above all kings because his claims were invested with a divine right; and it is deeply instructive to observe that in countries which overthrew the power of the papacy at the Reformation, a divine theory of kingship at once grew up. It would seem that humanity must

have a visible head who can claim some sort of divine authority; and the best example of this in the present day is the spectacle of Russia—where Lenin has assumed the status of a god; and where his picture has displaced the icons of our Saviour Christ in many of the public places, with a candle burning before it. Nations do not overthrow their gods. They change them; and this is the first lesson that anybody who has studied the history of religions must learn.

Now the instinct which compels us to invest some visible person with a divine authority is a perfectly natural and psychologically healthy one. It is the sublimation of the relationship to a parent which was the centre of our childish life. For this instinct does not die as we grow up any more than does any other instinct. It wanes as other instincts grow, but it never becomes extinct; and it seeks gratification in loyalty to a person rather than in subjection to a system. Those who, at this stage, subject themselves to a system undergo a retrogression into childhood where time-tables and rule-of-thumb exercises are the order of the day. An adult sublimates this into loyalty to an ideal as invested in a person—a person who can objectively claim his loyalty. Such a one is the king. The only king, however, who could gratify the highest ideal in us would be a divine king; and perhaps it is in this fact that we see the answer to the urge in humanity to invest its ruler—be he pope or king—with a divine authority. It is the best way of escaping the fear that he may do harm; and reaches its most sublimated form in Christianity. The Christian believes that Jesus Christ is the "King of Kings"—the divine King Who can do no wrong; and Roman Catholics maintain that He has invested the Pope with this same infallibility —an inability to err in matters of faith and morals. Those Christians who are not Roman Catholics must therefore adopt one of three positions: they must rest upon the authority of Christ as disclosed in the gospels, or they must project the infallibility into the Church,

or into some leader who is nearer in space and time to themselves. Thus we get a Mrs. Besant, a Rudolf Steiner or a Mrs. Eddy invested with divine attributes of infallibility—founding churches within the Church; and being all but actually worshipped by their adherents.

A general return to Christianity—with or without a Pope at the head—is probably the only sane solution to this problem; and I cannot imagine a psychologically healthier state of spiritual affairs throughout the world than a reunited Christendom. This, however, would not solve the temporal affairs of the nations unless, of course, the Pope assumed the kind of temporal authority that was his during the Middle Ages. This, however, is unlikely to come about; and we are, therefore, left with the problem of dealing with individual nations. The people of every nation need a Father to whom they can look for stability and protection if the fears and phobias which infest Europe to-day are to be expelled—one who will regard them as his children; and for whom those children will live and work; and, if necessary, die.

Now we have already admitted that, if the psychological instincts of the people are to be satisfied, the ruler must be one person; and we have also realized that, human nature being what it is—not being divine nature—that person cannot be divine. He must, however, be the parent and not the child of his people. This means that he must rule by right and not by election. An elected ruler can never be regarded objectively. Dictatorships must therefore be ruled out; and communism, which aims at the destruction of personality, must also go. For in a person we are going to find the seat of authority. Thus only will those instincts be reasonably gratified.

Europe to-day harbours homeless kings. Their thrones are empty and their constitutions are restless without them. Some try this form of government, and some that; but they are either glutting or starving a psychological instinct, and they are on the verge of nervous breakdown. The history of France since the

revolution, of Germany since the War, and of Russia since the rise of communism, have all been alike in one respect. They present a spectacle of psychological catastrophe which is typical of phobia in the individual who cannot sublimate the fear instinct. France has been terrified of invasion ever since the last revolution, Germany is terrified of both France and Russia to-day; and Russia is admittedly arming desperately for fear of a general attack on communism in the near future.

Now the state of affairs in these three countries is exactly analogous to the state of a patient suffering from severe psychological repression. He refuses to recognize his natural fear instinct; and in so doing feels there is something wrong, and can only adjust himself to his environment by building up defences. The whole thing is performed unconsciously; but every psycho-analyst is aware of the mechanism. It would seem that nations can achieve the whole process, as a unity, in the same way. France, Germany and Russia have cast out their kings; and ever since they have been barricading themselves from their neighbours. They have rationalized their fear to a certain extent; but is it a mere coincidence that these countries are the most suspicious of their neighbours in Europe while the Scandinavian countries, who have preserved their monarchies, are the most neighbourly? It can hardly be a coincidence that the great republic of Rome issued in a Julius Cæsar, and the revolutionary upheavals of France in a Napoleon. At the execution of Charles the First, England was, for the first time, without a sovereign; and we see at once how the defensive neurosis began to take shape. A standing army was inaugurated, a militarist régime established and the country was soon to become an extended camp. By the time the young King came back England was nearer to a nervous breakdown than she has ever been before or since—her whole body disclosing the signs of it so well known to psychologists who study the individual.

Once it is realized that kingship is vital to the psych-

ology of a nation half the battle is won; but there is another most important half to be decided. This is concerned with the nation's other half—the half which undoubtedly feels the urge towards democracy. For it is open to any democrat to argue that where monarchism has held sway the nations have certainly felt that sense of security which is a sublimation of the parental instinct, and that this has made for good government and reduced the likelihood of a defensive neurosis to a minimum; but that nevertheless, where the democratic instincts have been starved and the sense of brotherhood destroyed, we have witnessed the most appalling cruelties and barbarities between man and man—class and class, or sect and sect.

This is a reasonable plea; and if we appeal to history once more I think that we must admit that the case is justified in that court. For we have only to take three classical examples of monarchism—the Roman Empire under Nero, Spain and its dominions under Philip II, and France under Louis XIV—to see how the unchained billows of cruelty and sadism ravaged their worlds; and we have only to take some classical examples of democracy—Greece in the age of Pericles, Rome under the Republic, America since the revolution and modern Europe generally, to see how sadism—(allowing for the barbarity of ancient civilization)—has been reduced to a minimum. A glance at the Asiatic countries produces much the same result.

We have already seen that, during the Middle Ages in Europe, the various nations found a unity of spiritual government in the Papacy; and the result of this was an almost entire absence of spiritual defensiveness and inferiority. The crusading wars were wars of attack—not of defence, and were, therefore, the opposite of a defensive neurosis; but, until comparatively late in the Middle Ages, the Christian sense of brotherhood kept alive a healthy democratic sense which prevented the violent outbursts of sadism which distinguished all the nations—protestant and catholic—during and after the

Reformation. These were the result of that sense of brotherhood being lost immediately those divisions arose within the spiritual democracy; and the over-emphasis of the monarchical conception implicit in the divine right of kings finally destroyed that democratic sense, and sadism—which had received a certain sanction and a certain curb from the inquisition during the later middle ages—ravaged the continent.

Europe as a whole had lost a certain solidarity when a great part of it lost the Papacy; but the separate nations of Europe had gained in solidarity by the divine right of kingship which now came into its own. The result is deeply interesting to the psychologist. For, as Europe had lost its spiritual monarchy, we see a terrible defensive neurosis take hold of the nations which became nothing short of panic for those that were nearest to the monarchy; and we witness at the same time those deep-seated forces of avarice and cruelty at work among nations which had gained a sense of individual unity at the expense of that other sense of spiritual brotherhood which, in spite of temporal wars, had bound them together in a common religion for a thousand years.

This brings us round again to the astonishing ability of Christianity to gratify all the psychological needs of the herd. It discloses to them a King, Who, by the divinity of His nature, must claim a divine right and thus gratify the deep-seated monarchical instinct of the races; and it reveals an ethic of brotherhood which gratifies the equally deep-seated instincts for democracy. The Christian religion is the only one that could have brought Europe through the Dark and Middle Ages and landed it safely in the Renaissance; and, if we require any proof of this, we have only to regard the Asiatic races who are still in the throes of darkness, cruelty and superstition.

It is no mere coincidence that the kings and the Church have, in some form, always stood and fallen together. Both stand for that monarchical democracy which, in

spite of the terrible abuses to which it has been subject from time to time, has been the salvation of Europe in its darkest days—through a creed which taught the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Those empty thrones in Europe so often stand for empty or ruined churches; and, while the Church and the kings must both take their share of blame for the catastrophe which has befallen them, those who believe in the restoration of the one can hardly escape the restoration of the other.

Will those kings one day come back? I think and hope and pray that they will—all of them; but not for political so much as for cultural and psychological reasons. Monarchies stand for idealism as opposed to utilitarianism—a rule by quality rather than by quantity; but, just as the nobler systems of idealism prove to be utilitarian in the best sense, so will the ideal state of monarchy prove to be democratic in the fullest sense. I think that a wave of royalism is beginning to form in the midst of Europe which may burst over us at any moment—utterly demolishing fascism and communism; but, if the kings return, they will do so by the votes of their people; and it will be up to them to keep alive something of the democracy which has restored them.

There have been kings who have done this in the past; and we do not have to go beyond our own island to discover them. Human nature is such, however—and kings are not exempt from it—that some form of constitutional monarchy similar to our own will probably be set up everywhere. Unless those kings use their final prerogatives, however, their return will be a psychological failure. For, as we have already seen, humanity is so constituted that it needs one person at the head of affairs—however many groups there may be leading up to him.

As we saw at the beginning, no State has been able to avoid some such idea of this in practice—not even communist Russia; and perhaps this goes to prove, more than anything else, how deep-seated and unremovable that instinct is. Moreover, a king at the head of a nation

achieves just that objectivity which a president or other elected dictator can never achieve—for, in so far as they are elected, the people over whom they rule had a share in their election and must therefore regard them subjectively. This largely spoils their prestige and fails to satisfy the sublimation of our instinct for dependence on a parent or guardian; and fears are not allayed.

A king, on the other hand, is viewed entirely objectively, as one who ascended the throne by right; and this brings me to my last point. As the Papacy is unlikely to enjoy anything like its mediæval temporal prestige in Europe again, for various reasons, we may yet see a solidarity in the Continent by the return of the monarchs to their thrones. For all the kings of Europe are related; and, just as the nations will seek and find their head in the unity of a person—so the Continent will seek and find its head in the unit of a family. The countries of the Continent would thus feel a solidarity and security which has been unknown to them since the Reformation.

By this, of course, I am not blinding myself to the wars and intrigues that disgraced Europe for five hundred years. They belong, however, to an age in which pacifism would have been regarded as cowardice; and anyone with a sense of history should be able to see how necessary was this stage of development. It has now been outgrown; and we all look forward to a lasting era of peace. Peace, however, is unknown to the individual whose psychological life is in a state of dissociation, and the same applies to the life of nations. Fears, phobias and bogys are haunting them; and they will not be expelled until, in their temporal and spiritual life, they have recovered harmony. This means that their instincts must work in proportion—the monarchical and the democratic. They must know themselves to be brothers—members of one family—the sons of one Father.

Roosevelt and the Workers

By Negley Farson

Mr. Negley Farson has just completed a ten-week trip through the United States, where he has been studying the farm and labour problem. His work brought him into intimate contact with employers and trade union leaders in the big " key " industries. For the last ten years he has been in Europe, Russia and the Far East as foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News.

STRIKES will almost certainly be endemic in the United States for the next two years. That, I believe, must be the conclusion of anyone who has toured the industrial centres.

" I know Roosevelt gave the workers a free vote as to what type of union they wanted under Section 7-A," said a captain of the United States steel industry—" but they are not going to get it. It will take the American Federation of Labour longer to win ' recognition ' from us than it took the Soviets to get it from the United States Government."

I spent that evening in the local cabaret with the two A. F. of L. " organizers " who are organizing his workers.

" If we don't get that vote," they said, " we will pull a strike in this place that will make 1919 look like a picnic."

In Detroit, Mr. Henry Ford said to me :—

" I never use the words ' the working man.' We are all just people together."

Having had breakfast that morning with Mathew Smith, the little Englishman who tried, and will try again, to organize the die and tool workers in Ford's River Rouge plant, I felt compelled to reply that the workers, from all indications, just did not feel that way.

All of which brings us to three vital questions that have yet to be answered in American industrial relations. Are the big employers in the " key " industries, such as steel, motor-cars and rubber (and now textiles) strong

enough to disobey Roosevelt and refuse to give their workers a free vote under Section 7-A? Is the American Federation of Labour strong enough to "pull" a successful strike if they do not get it? Is the example of Henry Ford unique? Or does it portend a new epoch in industrial relations in which an enlightened management can collaborate with a trusting working force to settle their disputes and bargaining for better wages or working conditions through the medium of the recently formed "company unions"?

It was in the attempt to gain some insight into these questions that (instead of the salmon-fishing trip I had returned to get) my paper dispatched me on a tour of the industrial regions, followed by a motor trip through the sun-shrivelled farming belt.

Described briefly, I found the following situation: (1) the forces of Capital and Labour are too evenly balanced, and heterogeneous, for any likelihood of a definite victory being won by either side; (2) the tide of battle will ebb and flow with the success, or otherwise, of the Roosevelt regime; (3) with only two certain years of Roosevelt left to run, indications are that both sides will fight it out to the end.

For these reasons it seems that strikes must be endemic in the United States for the next two years.

The basic reason, of course, is that Roosevelt has given organized labour a charter infinitely more liberal than Big Business intends it shall have. The fight centres around the famous Section 7-A. Here is Section 7-A, which is Article II of the National Recovery Act:—

> Employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from interference, restraint or coercion of employers of labour, or of their agents, in the designation of such representatives or in self-organization or in other activities for the purpose of collective bargaining or in other mutual aid or protection.

The American Federation of Labour declared that under Section 7-A, President Roosevelt and Congress

(which later confirmed the Act) had given labour a "new deal." On 25 March of this year the President re-emphasized this.

> "The law itself," he said, "has provided for a free choice of their own representatives by employees. The words 'free choice' mean what they say. It is obvious that the Government itself not only has the right, *but also the duty*, to see, first, that employees may make a choice, and, secondly, that in the making of it they shall be wholly free." (My italics.)

There is no ambiguity, therefore, about Section 7-A. The only difficulty is that up to the textile strike the Administration has not yet been able to make the big employers obey it. And as time went on it was seen that the Roosevelt regime was in no hurry to make such an effort. Its political consequences might prove too dangerous. Yet this demand for union "recognition" under Section 7-A has featured every American industrial disturbance during the last twelve months. The fight for Section 7-A was the major point of the threatened steel and auto strikes last spring. In the steel strike in particular there was no question of higher wages or shorter hours—the worker had no immediate material personal gain—it was purely this question of who should represent him in collective bargaining under Section 7-A. Both of these threatened strikes were averted—not settled—by the appointment of mediatory three-man labour boards.

The formation of these boards is significant. They were a compromise, accepted by both sides, at a time when both Capital and Labour were reluctant to wreck a reviving "key" industry. Big Business, still under its cloud, was also apprehensive of bringing down another hurricane of public opinion on its head. Labour—the American Federation of Labour—was still enjoying the momentum of its spectacular gains under the Roosevelt regime and apparently believed that the Administration would compel the boards to force the employers to obey Section 7-A.

But even in the inauguration of these boards the real issue, the question of union recognition, was evaded again. Both sides went to Washington, the representatives of both the employers and workers saw the President, yet neither side met the other face to face before the President. Each made a separate agreement, with Roosevelt as a third party. Both steel and auto makers returned from Washington insisting that they had signed no agreement with the American Federation of Labour, and (somewhat privately) declared that no power on earth could make them sign a contract involving " recognition " of the A. F. of L.

Yet the chief duty of both of these boards was to hold and supervise elections in the steel and auto plants under Section 7-A, giving the worker a " free choice " as to what type of union they preferred to have represent them in their collective bargaining pacts with their employers !

The automobile labour board was the forerunner, and is a splendid example of what could be made of these boards. The only charge that could be made against it was that it was too good; it was composed of three exceptionally able and honest men, functioning under abnormal conditions, at a time when the employers themselves seemed willing to go to any limits rather than provide labour with the legitimate excuse wherewith to force the boards to take any arbitrary decision. In such fashion the test-case of elections under Section 7-A was postponed from day to day until to-day—and the board was allowed to achieve success in other (and less dangerous) directions.

The automobile labour board has no authority, for instance, to enter into wage disputes. Yet a week after it was set up, on 29 March, it was called in on the Nash auto strike. 5,000 workers had been out of work for five weeks. In one week the auto labour board's recommendation was accepted by both workers and employer. This strike was on a wage increase, and the workers got

their rise. In similar fashion the auto board was called in and swiftly settled strikes in the Fisher Body plants in Cleveland and St. Louis, a strike in the Chevrolet plant in St. Louis and a walk-out in Kansas City, and a serious " sit-down " strike, where the workers downed tools and let the machinery slide past them in the Motor Products plant in Detroit.

The auto labour board had no authority from Washington to enter into any of these industrial disturbances. It was called in in the above strikes because it looked, and proved, to be a useful intermediary. In this respect the board has proved its value in handling hundreds of discrimination cases arising out of the automobile industry's huge seasonal lay-offs.

But in not one single case, so far as I know, has the auto board attempted to force a plant to hold free elections for workers' representatives. Instead, the board tried to continue this method of " peaceful " mediation.

Labour, the board hoped, would get accustomed to coming into a meeting with Capital without feeling it had to present a list of ultimatums labelled " negotiations." Capital would get accustomed to listening to Labour without having its back put up by self-conscious labour negotiators whose chief fear usually seems to be that they will show " weakness " before the employers' attorneys. Both sides, it was hoped, would " get the habit " of sitting down to talk without the threat of strike or lock-out hanging over them.

This hope, and the early success of the automobile labour board, seemed to hold out the promise of a new working medium for adjusting industrial disputes. Two months after it was formed a somewhat similar board was accepted by both workers and employers as a compromise to avert the threatened serious steel strike. Yet by the beginning of July, hardly a month later, Labour (the A. F. of L.) had already become disillusioned with both boards because of the way they were postponing the one thing that the American Federation of Labour

wanted from them—the right to a free vote for representation under Section 7-A.

When the rubber strike broke out in the General Tire & Rubber Co.'s plant in Akron, Ohio, the A. F. of L. organizer leading that strike flatly refused to accept the mediation of such a board unless it was appointed to supervise an agreement involving "recognition" of the A. F. of L., *which had already been accepted by the rubber companies.*

Francis Gorman, as this goes to press, has accepted the mediation of such a board in the textile strike—but only on the condition that all strikers stay out until an agreement has been reached with the employers.

And Section 7-A is a major point in the textile strike.

In the meantime the American Federation of Labour has been consolidating its position as fast as it can under Roosevelt. It claims that, roughly, its membership has increased from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 workers, although how many of these are paying full dues to the union is another question. Automatic machinery has so displaced skilled workers in American industry that the majority of the workers whom the A. F. of L. has to "organize" are what is known as "six months material"; i.e. unskilled workers who have no craft to interest them in a highly specialized union, and whose interest in union membership waxes and wanes according to whether or not they think the union can get something for them on a special occasion. For this reason it is noticeable that A. F. of L. membership rises rapidly at time of strike or threats of strike and dwindles sharply afterward.

Also, it cannot be said that there is yet any "class consciousness" among American workers. The skilled worker above this "six months material" does not think of himself as belonging to them. He has his eye on a foreman's job—or the manager's. This, plus the fact that "organized" labour, the A. F. of L., has no political affiliation means that American trade union

organizers have probably the most diffuse mass of labour in the world to deal with.

Nevertheless, starting from August last year, in the first eight months the A. F. of L. organized 130 affiliate unions inside the hitherto unionless motor-car industry. Best neutral judgment gives them a strength of at least 35 per cent. of the workers in the straight production plants, and over 50 per cent. in the body plants—always excepting the Ford works, where the A. F. of L. seems to have got nowhere yet. In a similar fashion, starting from zero in August, 1933, the A. F. of L. can now claim over half the workers in the rubber industry.

The American Federation of Labour seems to be weakest in the giant steel industry. But this is probably due to the fact that the A. F. of L. has long had an affiliate inside that industry, the Amalgamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of America. And the Amalgamated has not won a major strike in forty years. Not exactly a good record for recruiting membership.

The spectacular gains of A. F. of L. in the motor-car and rubber industries can be attributed to several reasons. First, of course, the general impetus and encouragement given to organized labour by Roosevelt under Section 7-A. "Join the Union" was the chief recruiting slogan of the A. F. of L. organizers; "the President has said that he wants you to." Next was the forced-draft formation of the so-called "company unions." These, in most cases, were hardly more than glorified shop committees hastily organized by the employers to forestall the penetration of the A. F. of L. affiliates.

These "company unions," so hastily organized by the employers in the "key" steel, motor and rubber industries, were launched so immediately upon the heels of Section 7-A, that their purpose could not fail but be obvious. They may grow into something lasting and useful later on. But at the present moment most of them are nothing but these super shop committees, organized by the employer, where the lion and lamb are supposed

to lie down together, employer and employee settling all their difficulties in peaceful co-operation. The workers pay no union dues. They are allowed a free vote to elect their own representatives. These are usually paid their normal hourly rate for such time as they spend upon the "company union's" business. But if the workers choose to strike—there no longer is a union. And certainly the employer will not pay them strike pay.

"The company union is a red rag to us," William Collins, the A. F. of L. organizer in the motor works of Detroit told me. "It is nothing less than a needless provocation. A hysterical and hypocritical effort of the auto makers and other plants in America to forestall the rapid growth of the federal trade unions. But let them do it. The methods they use provide plenty of arguments for joining a real union."

He alluded to a recent "company union" prospectus sent out by the company union of the huge Fisher Body Company. It was mailed to the employees' homes. With it was a card for the worker to sign, indicating whether he wished to join it or not.

"Imagine," asked Collins, "the position of a worker who gets such a letter. He has a family. He wants to keep his job. He is afraid for his job. He is afraid if he doesn't sign 'yes' to that card he will be put on the company's black list."

A serious thing, be it noted, to any worker in the Detroit motor-car industry, about half of whom are laid off for some four months every year. One motor-car company, for instance, was employing 18,000 men last April. It laid off 13,000 in May, nearly all of whom have no hope of being re-hired before September.

Looking back it can be seen that although Roosevelt gave labour its charter under Section 7-A—Labour hasn't got it yet. Nearly all the gains of the American Federation of Labour were made in the eight months between August, 1933, and May, 1934. During this period confidence in the Roosevelt administration had shown no

open sign of weakening. But Big Business was slowly getting its nerve back and preparing to resist the NRA, especially Section 7-A. The American Federation of Labour, on the other hand, had exhausted much of its first fine fervour of recruiting membership. This period—between March and July—marked the period of compromise on both sides, the acceptance of mediatory labour boards.

Since the beginning of July, however, uneasiness about the NRA codes has become widespread and increasingly vocal. Confidence in the Roosevelt regime has abated perceptibly. Big Business seems to have selected this time to strike. It has been realized for some time that the big employers were watching the administration with the view to adopting a more and more negative attitude with each increasing sign of lack of confidence. It was at first thought that the flat refusal to obey Roosevelt's labour policies would come in the re-hiring season of the "key" motor industry. It has come, however, from the textile industry.

Aside from the refusal of the employers to reduce working hours, the chief point in the struggle between American Capital and Labour is up for test in this strike —namely, the right of "free vote" for workers' representatives under Section 7-A. It does not seem possible for Roosevelt to postpone the attempt to enforce Section 7-A any longer. If he does enforce it in the textile industry, then the battle lies ahead in the motor and steel industries.

And whatever attitude he takes in the textile settlement cannot fail but have serious repercussions in the November elections at which the Republicans are making a bitter fight to regain control of the lower house with which they hope to put a brake on Roosevelt's spending policy.

At the present moment there is a picture of Roosevelt behind the desk of nearly every A. F. of L. organizer. Will they be there at election time?

Cotswold Has Her Woods

THROUGH marshy flats the streams of Sussex glide,
And mirror back no grace of woods unshorn,
Loved of the nymphs : no satyr babes are born
For them to suckle, for the bleak down side
Withholds all harbour. Far in Devon abide
The pixies, glimps'd of maids at even and morn,
When rose-cheek'd crabs from orchard boughs forlorn
Are garner'd for the presses' oozy tide.
But Cotswold has her woods the Romans knew,
Where strange things chuckle, elfin eyes glow bright,
Snake creeps, or hedgehog runs, or fox slinks past,
Where dens, banks, vapours smother the moon's light,
And through the obscure brake though the nymph fly fast,
With speedier foot the following fauns pursue !

KENNETH HARE.

Birdlip: Night

HERE, on these heights toward Birdlip, it may be,
In Roman days, that wild torch dance was trod,
—For Bacchus loved the heights—when on the sod,
Beneath tall trees, with frantic minstrelsy,
Drums' throb and blare of brass,—the victim nigh,
Slain and devoured,—their now incarnate god,
Grave, deep-browed, vine-wreath'd, with prophetic nod,
Would grace the rite : the owl hoots : vapours lie
Like witch-locks . . . caldron fumes. The spell will die
Beyond the wood, where garth, cot, candlelight,
All to tumultuous Severn's wooded strand,
Proclaim laborious man's productive might,
Even to that farthest, twinkling Tewkesbury,—
A topaz for an Ethiop prince's hand.

KENNETH HARE.

The Hunting Men

By John C. Moore

THE Muse has always smiled on anglers, but she has been less kind to the followers of what Isaak Walton called that "turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation," the chase. Perhaps the delightfully perverse and unreasonable sport of the fishermen brings them close to the Mysteries; perhaps, while seeking the sources of their bright streams, they find, in some magical way, the holy and secret sources of poetry also, so that when they tell of rivers and water-meadows they speak with the tongues of angels. Perhaps there is some similarity about the making of a cast and the making of a sentence; both must be accurate, graceful, rhythmical, and neat. Whatever the reason, it is almost impossible to write very badly about angling; and yet about hunting it seems to be almost equally difficult to write very well. The hands whose hold on the reins is most light and gentle are generally the heaviest and the most inept when it comes to holding a pen.

This is a little strange, for the Muse loves such things as swift movement, bright colour, danger, and a wild cry. She delights in action, or Homer would never have written the "Odyssey" nor Virgil the "Æneid." And is not the scarlet of a hunting coat, vivid against the golden-brown of an autumn coppice, the very colour of which poetry should be made? Yet the Muse is shy of it, and small blame to her; for she has been invoked too often by beefy fox-hunters who have tried to suit their metres to the jog-trot of their horses' hoofs, by loud-voiced horse-copers and ungentle squires and by hearty "hunting parsons," the grossness of whose literary style can only be explained by their astonishing unfamiliarity with the Book which it is their profession to teach.

Elusive Muse! Upon no such mortals as these will she bestow her immortal favours. She has had Homer and Milton and Shakespeare for lovers, she has blessed

Dante and Heine with her sweet kisses, she has sported with Rabelais, soared above the clouds with Shelley, and danced through the glades of Arcady with Keats. So Whyte-Melville and Adam Lindsay Gordon and the rest of the jog-trot crew must get along as best they can without her aid. It must be confessed that after their own fashion they get along very well. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre"; it goes with a swing, but it isn't poetry!

Yet if you were to make an anthology of the literature of the hunting-field you would have perforce to fill it with much of this brave mediocrity. You could hardly leave out Adam Lindsay Gordon, who wrote verse in the same way as he rode his races—full gallop all the way; and Whyte-Melville would have to go in as well, because he was a gallant gentleman whose gallantry carried him gaily through the difficulties of versification just as it carried him over the tall Leicestershire fences after the Pytchley Hounds. Then you would have to include Somerville—that, to me, most excruciating poet—because he was the greatest authority of his time. "Nimrod" would fill a good many undistinguished pages, and the loathly vulgarity of Surtees would fill many more. There would also be a number of joggity-jog poetasters bearing such strange names as Egerton Warburton and Bromley Davenport. "Punch" and the sporting papers would probably provide you with some more.

Three names, however, would stand out in the midst of that dreadful mediocrity and—if your anthology were well contrived—would relieve the awful sameness of its pages so that the wearied reader, suddenly lighting upon this or that, would cry in delight: "Here, here is the Muse's imprint! Here has she breathed a kiss; here she has left her blessing; here, at last, is the authentic whisper of her fluttering wing!" These three oases would be provided respectively by the scholarship of Peter Beckford, by the quiet, sweet *Englishness* of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, and by the poetic skill of Mr. John

Masefield, who has made an epic out of a fox-chase for the first time. Let us hasten over the intervening desert as swiftly as we may and visit each oasis in turn.

When Peter Beckford wrote his "Thoughts upon Hare and Foxhunting" in 1779, there were very few books about hunting as we now know it. Gervase Markham's Elizabethan sport was of a more haphazard and less organized kind; and in any case his writings were not easily available. John Tuberville had written a little in 1575; and George Gascoigne, in a pleasant poem, had described the somewhat bibulous life of a Lord's Huntsman:

> I am the Hunte, which rathe and early rise
> (My bottell filde, with wine in any wise,)
> Twoo draughts I drinke, to stay my steps withall,
> For eche foote one, bicause I would not falle . . .

These were trifles, however, and Peter Beckford had good reason to complain that in a country "whose authors sometimes hunt, and whose sportsmen sometimes write" only the practical part of hunting was known. He made an exception in favour of William Somerville, whose poems were published in 1742 and whom he considered to be the only one who had written intelligibly on the subject. This is my sole quarrel with Peter Beckford, that he quotes Somerville on every possible occasion, and professes a deep admiration for him; and although he is probably right when he says that "the sentiments of Mr. Somerville always do him honour" I do not think the same can be said of the gentleman's poetry. Here is Mr. Somerville on the choosing of hounds:

> "A mean
> Observe, nor the large kind prefer, of size
> Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
> Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
> Torn and embarrass'd, bleeds . . ."

It is curious that Beckford should have found any merit in this pompous and pretentious stuff, for he himself was the most precise and fastidious of writers.

He combined the "knowledgeableness" of a Master of Foxhounds with the learning of a Westminster scholar; and it has been said of him that "he would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stable in excellent French." But also he wrote the most admirable English prose, of the sort which has for me the flavour of nuts and old port, taken in the library after dinner, around a sweet wood fire.

"Thoughts Upon Hunting" pretends to be no more than a technical treatise, and as such it may still be read with profit to-day. It might have been the dreariest stuff, and yet there is hardly a page of it that does not give pleasure, for which blessing, I suppose, we must ultimately give thanks to William of Wykeham and to the school which has always taught her sons to read good Latin verse in order that they may write good English prose.

But the Classics, while helping to mould Peter Beckford's style, did more for him than that: they gave him a sense of proportion. He is that *rara avis*, a fox-hunter who understands that foxhunting is not the whole of living; and it is his great virtue that he knows, and insists continually, that his sport is only "a trifle" after all. He reads his "Spectator" and he has seen depicted there, "with infinite humour," the character of one Will Wimble, who passed his whole life in the pursuit of trifles. "*Touché!*" cries Peter Beckford with the utmost good humour, and proceeds to demonstrate that he is not incapable of laughing at himself. "It is said, *there is a pleasure in being mad, which only madmen know.*" Thus, half-mockingly, he defends the queer, illogical pursuit in which he finds such delight. "Triflers there are of every denomination. Are not we all triflers, and are we not told that all is vanity?"

Again and again, throughout his book, one hears his dry, faintly mocking laughter, the laughter of a man who is a cynic in the old, full sense of the word; not one

of your disgruntled Moderns whose thin cackle merely expresses his distaste for the world, but one who has discovered that all things are laughable, including himself. Thus he can afford to smile at the thought of Henry the Fourth of France, who made hunting his chief amusement, so that "his very love letters, strange as it may appear," were filled with little else; and he can tell a wry story against two kings who were triflers, too.

> Louis the Fifteenth was so passionately fond of this diversion [hunting] that it occupied him entirely. The King of Prussia, who never hunts, gives up a great deal of his time to music, and himself plays the flute. A German last war, meeting a Frenchman, asked him very impertinently: "Si son maître chassoit toujours?" "Oui, Oui," replied the other, "il ne joue jamais de la flute."

Beckford's book is chiefly delightful because, although its subject is one which offers peculiar attractions to monomaniacs, it never forgets that there are other, and more important, things in life. Its author makes the best of both worlds, that of the mind and that of the senses, enlivening a grave discussion on "scent" with a quotation from Cicero, directing his huntsman how to cast with the aid of a geometrical example, calling upon Martial to witness to the virtues of the hare, and reminding the reader that those warm, sunless days which are ideal for hunting are called "Jours des dames" by the French! And all this, mark you, in the midst of the most minute instructions upon the correct dimensions of kennels and the intricate business of hunting a pack of hounds!

I believe that, for the most part, these instructions still hold good to-day, so that the book has the same dateless practicality as the "Compleat Angler" has. I should not dare to compare it with Walton's book in any other sense; old Izaak's artlessness was better art, I think, than Beckford's studied periods, and I prefer the Elizabethan sunrise to the rather bored heydey of the elegant Georgians. Yet perhaps, if we do not smell the flowers in Beckford's book, nor have the feeling that

the dryads and the wood-nymphs are very near, the defect is due more to the subject than to the writing itself, for the rank smell of a freshly-killed fox is apt to be stronger than the scent of the flowers, and huntsmen are noisier than anglers—their blustering is likely to frighten the dryads and the wood-nymphs away.

Supposing that your anthology is arranged in chronological order Beckford will be closely followed by C. I. Apperley, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Nimrod," and sandwiched between these two we shall find "John Peel," which was written by John Woodcock Graves about 1825. How shall we define a folk-song? Is it not a song which is known to all, which is very close to the hearts of the people, and which has stood the test of time? Then "John Peel" is a folk-song just as "Daisy" is; although admittedly "John Peel" has lost some of its "folk" character by being played as a gallop and sung at hunt balls, on which occasions, for some extraordinary reason, it is almost always sung incorrectly, "coat so gay" (with the idea of hunting-pink) being substituted for "coat so gray" (which was the colour John Peel actually wore).

And now we come to "Nimrod," whose "Hunting Tours" has always seemed to me an extremely dull book; but perhaps that is because I have never been able to feel very interested in the minutiæ of the hunting field, the histories of past seasons and the characters of notables long dead. On the other hand, Nimrod's "Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton" shared first place with "Struwwelpeter" as one of my childhood's favourites. My copy of it has disappeared in the same inexplicable way as teddy-bears and tin soldiers disappear when one outgrows them. They are not, as far as one knows, given away, and they are not, one piously hopes, consigned to the dustbin or the fire—they just vanish, so that one is tempted to believe that they had some magical quality about them, that they have been called back into the Fairy Godmother's secret store

whence they so magically came. Strangely enough, I have never since seen an edition of the "Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton" which even faintly resembled mine. As far as I can remember it was a fairly large book, and it contained a number of very remarkable illustrations which depicted the still more remarkable incidents of poor John Mytton's life. For instance, there were pictures of the Upsetting of the Gig, of the jumping of the Turnpike, and of the Burning of the Nightshirt, and there was also—or do I imagine it?—a portrait of John Mytton, barefooted and clad only in a thin shirt, setting out across the ice on a bitter December night to shoot some wild geese which were coming inland with the blizzard.

The stories told beneath these pictures were enough to warm the heart of any boy. The Burning of the Nightshirt, for instance, occurred when Mytton had fled to France to escape his creditors. Retiring to bed at his lodgings, somewhat the worse for drink, he was troubled by a most obstinate hiccough, which all the standard remedies for that complaint proved powerless to cure. "By God," said John Mytton, "I'll see if I can frighten it away," whereupon he picked up a candle and held it to his nightshirt, which instantly burst into flames. Two of his friends rushed into the room and found him blazing furiously upon the floor; they succeeded in tearing off his nightshirt and putting out the fire. Terribly burned, John Mytton picked himself up and staggered into bed. "I've frightened away that damned hiccup," was all he said. Next morning, although he must have been in agony, he managed to greet his friends with a might View Halloa.

The gig story must be told in Nimrod's own words:

> As he was one day driving one of his friends in a gig, who expressed a strong regard for his neck, with a hint that he considered it in some danger, Mytton addressed him thus: "Was you ever much hurt, then, by being upset in a gig?" "No, thank God," said his companion, "for I never was upset in

one." "What!" replied Mytton, "never upset in a gig? What a d——d slow fellow you must have been all your life"; and running his near wheel up the bank over they both went.

Poor John Mytton! The picture in Nimrod's book did not tell me the other side of his desperate, mad, unhappy career: how he inherited a fortune and wildly spent it, how the eight bottles of port a day soon gave place to nearly as many of brandy, how his friends left him when the money was gone, and how their place was taken by a horde of creditors who first fawned, and then bullied, until Jack Mytton fled from them to France. Nor did it tell me of his return to the empty house at Halston, near Shrewsbury, which, in his queer way, he so greatly loved that he could not keep away from it; of his inevitable arrest, and of his terrible end amid the horrors of a debtor's prison, when the eight bottles of brandy were available no more. Wild and wanton I know he was, yet—perhaps because he was my hero when I was a boy—I cannot bear to contemplate the miseries of his end: his screams for the drink which he now so desperately needed, the mockery of the other prisoners, the filth and the awful squalor, the pain and the final madness when the mists of delirium tremens gathered terribly around him, and he was alone against all those horrors, alone and friendless, who had had so many friends . . .

R. S. Surtees was a contemporary of "Nimrod," and I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that his "Handley Cross" was at one time the Bible of a certain class of Englishman. Whether it was ever very popular outside that class I am somewhat inclined to doubt. "Ask Mama," "Plain or Ringlets," and "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" were other volumes from which the Victorian hunting men would quote, and misquote, with gleeful chuckles at every possible opportunity. These books are probably unique in having won the great majority of their readers from the ranks of the Completely Unlettered; many of those who could glibly

quote "Mr. Jorrocks" had never willingly read anything else in their lives. "Handley Cross" was even a sort of Culture; it was creditable that you should know your Jorrocks well. If you were asked "What sort of night it was?" and you could reply swiftly "Hellish dark and stinks of cheese," you were certain to provoke roars of laughter, in fact you had laid the foundations of a social success, because your audience would readily remember how the odious Pigg, being asked "What of the night?" by Mr. Jorrocks, and being in his usual condition of drunken stupidity, had staggered to the cupboard, opened the door, and made that memorable reply.

For my part I must confess that I have never found Surtees very funny; perhaps he was quoted at me too much in my youth. His gallery of genial rascals, crooks and cadgers seems to me to be singularly unattractive. These rogues are gross without greatness; they are like the characters in "Pickwick Papers" would be if Dickens were stripped of his all-pervading humanity. Moreover, they have none of the vitality with which Dickens animated his people; the only thing they possess is a certain pungency of speech. Mr. Soapy Sponge, Mr. Facey Romford, Mr. Jorrocks and James Pigg: what a hideous scarecrow crew they are! A dismal sort of drunkenness, and a petty sort of dalliance with housekeepers and the like, compose their mean pleasures, and for the rest they cadge, cheat, lie and swindle in a wholly vulgar and unimaginative way. Their antics are no more humorous than those of the horrible people in Rowlandson's cartoons, of which—far more than of John Leach's excellent drawings—they always somehow remind me.

Stripped of its picturesqueness, of its indefinable "morning-in-the-country" feeling, and of a certain air of brave pageantry which, whatever the humanitarians may say, it nevertheless possesses, foxhunting would be a dismal and sordid business indeed; and I think it is this very lack of picturesqueness which makes Surtees'

description of foxhunting so unpleasing and so dull. If there is no poetry about the business—if there's no more in it than the chivvying to death of a wretched frightened creature with the aid of twenty couples of hounds—then foxhunting is surely no more than joyless barbarity which its opponents allege it to be. It is pleasant, therefore, to turn from the contemplation of the rubicund Mr. Jorrocks, holding up the mangled remains of the "old customer" by the brush, to some more gallant and less bloody spectacle. Even Whyte-Melville is a relief after Surtees: Whyte-Melville with his insistance that foxhunting is a "clean" and chivalrous pastime, and one designed by Heaven for the benefit of Englishmen. "Katerfelto" and such jolly verses as "Brow, Bay, and Tray," are the sort of things which may be read with a good deal of pleasure by boys of sixteen; at least, I can well remember the delight which "Katerfelto" gave to me, though I should not care to risk disillusionment by trying to read it to-day.

Both Surtees and Whyte-Melville, I think, lacked imagination. Surtees failed to hear the music which is older and deeper than that of the horn and the holloaing, the beat of the horse-hoofs and the lovely and terrible cry of the hounds; and Whyte-Melville, dazzled by the gay pageantry of it all, could not spare a thought for the throbbing pulses and the bursting heart of the little red fox which toiled so painfully towards the stopped earth.

Neither of these writers ever came near to greatness, and I wonder whether the reason is not to be found partly in their lack of pity, which is a very different thing from sentimentality. Surtees had no pity for his people, and Whyte-Melville had no pity for his fox. It is interesting to compare them with two modern writers who have written of foxhunting with understanding and yet with that wide and comprehensive compassion which includes both hunter and hunted, man and beast.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man" is the sort of book which Surtees might have

written if he had been able to make us smell the green English pastures and the brown English woodlands—if he had known that these loved things were as much a part of foxhunting as the blood and the shouting. Yet its manner is as quiet as Surtees' was noisy; it is a book without high-lights and without a climax, so that its effect is almost that of the hack home in the dusk after a long day. It is a wistful looking-back on something which has gone for ever—the England that was before the war; and its cool, simple, delightful prose is the perfect vehicle for such "recollecting in tranquillity." Such a quiet sweetness it has, such a tenderness, such an "æsthetic awareness" (to use a phrase of Sir John Squire's) that it leaps right out of that imaginary anthology and takes its place, not in the limited literature of foxhunting, but in the literature of the English language, in company with Walton's "Compleat Angler," and White's "Selborne," and the works of Hudson and Edward Thomas, and all the others who have loved "the sweet three corners" of England.

Mr. John Masefield is the other modern writer who has found in foxhunting a subject fit for his fancy. But while Mr. Sassoon, deliberately choosing the most austere prose for his medium, has painted in soft colours a scene from which the light is fading, Mr. Masefield has given us a glorious galloping poem, as colourful and vivid as a picture by Lionel Edwards, as full of sunlight as a canvas by Munnings. Indeed, I know few scenes in literature which are more happily flooded with the sunlight of an English morning than the meet in "Reynard the Fox." This first part of the poem serves as a prologue to the story of the great run, and I had almost written that word "prologue" with a capital P, for the thing is very Chaucerian in its swift, sharp characterization, its vigorous, earthy, colloquial style, and in its intense *Englishness*. The country people who ride up one by one and two by two to the meet at "The Cock and Pye" are not so much English characters

as pieces of England herself: the old ploughman with his "gaunt, burnt face"; the squire, "an old bear in a scarlet pelt"; Bill Ridden with his hard, horse-coper's mouth; the soldier home from the Afghan frontier, "lean, puckered, yellowed, knotted, scarred, Tough as a hide-rope twisted hard"; the old farmer from the vale who is "much like a robin in the face" and who possesses "the russet-apple mind That betters as the weather worsen"; the Condicote clergyman, a very Chaucerian figure indeed:

> A pommle cob came trotting up,
> Round-bellied like a drinking cup,
> Bearing on back a pommle man,
> Round-bellied like a drinking-can;

and Tom Dancey the first whip who:

> Loved the English countryside:
> The wine-leaved bracken in the ride,
> The lichen on the apple trees,
> The poultry ranging on the lees,
> The farms, the moist earth-smelling cover,
> His wife's green grave at Mitcheldover,
> Where snowdrop pushed at the first thaw.
> Under his hide his heart was raw
> With love and pity of these things.

But the loveliest portrait of all is that of young Cothill on his chestnut mare, young Cothill who "loved the downland like a sea,"

> So beautiful he was, so bright,
> He looked to men like young delight
> Gone courting April maidenhood
> That has the primrose in her blood,
> He on his mincing lady mare.

At last the hounds move off, a bright pool around the huntsmen, "their colour like the English weather, Magpie and hare, and badger-pye," and the cavalcade trots off behind them, a cavalcade that is as old as England and as much a part of her as the young wheat pricking the brown ploughlands and the tall, wine-coloured elms and the red and white roses coming out on the larch.

They are very real, these characters of Mr. Masefield's —as real and English and alive as Chaucer's Pilgrims who rode down the green way to Canterbury on just such a bright morning as this more than five hundred years ago. One has only to meet them to realize why Surtees and Whyte-Melville failed. Neither Surtees' cheapjack Cockneys nor Whyte-Melville's chivalrous Sir Galahads ever came out of the English soil like the young springing wheat; they were never very close to the heart of England, nor had they ever any real connection with foxhunting, which has long been an integral part of the life of the countryside. Whyte-Melville's heroes were chivalrous abstractions; Surtees' people were puppets endowed with a rather racy manner of speech. Neither ever existed among the grey villages and the short-cropped downlands and the brown dripping woods, and all the sweetness and roughness and tenderness and bitterness which is English weather and English country life.

The Housing Machine

By B. S. Townroe

FOR the past two years several groups of zealous housing reformers have put forward proposals for reconstructing the present housing machine. This is now working at record speed and is producing houses in Great Britain at the rate of at least 300,000 a year.

Some reformers sincerely believe that commissioners could organize the building of small houses more efficiently than either the experienced staffs of local authorities, or of building contractors, and are pressing for their ideas of a National Housing Commission to be incorporated in the Government's new legislation for dealing with overcrowding. This is to be introduced when Parliament meets again at the end of October.

Ever since the National Government decided to stop the subsidies given under the 1924 Act for new house building, so as to enable local authorities to concentrate on slum clearance and the rehousing of displaced slum dwellers, and also to remove State-aided competition from private enterprise, there has been a persistent attempt to re-introduce subsidies. There is a curious delusion in the minds of some otherwise sane individuals that few buildings are worthy of the name of houses unless they are erected by municipalities with financial assistance out of the pockets of the taxpayers. They also ignore the fact that there is no reason why one citizen rather than another should obtain a subsidy from the taxpayer towards his rent. Logically, if the State decides in its wisdom that housing is to be a public service, like education, it must provide free housing for everybody and not merely for the first comers. But this policy is not usually put forward in such a crude manner. It is usually camouflaged under more specious and attractive proposals.

For example, two years ago at the Royal Institute of British Architects, Sir Raymond Unwin, at that time President, advocated the creation of a National Housing

Board, and obtained the support on the platform of Sir Austen Chamberlain. A few months later the *Daily Mail* declared that a special Housing Department was to be formed, separated from the Ministry of Health. The *Times* subsequently published letters from two gentlemen who claimed that the royal road to a solution of our housing problems would be the creation of a National Housing Corporation. The Council of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association also declared in favour of some new form of central machinery. The proposals for a Commission or Board or Corporation were submitted in a more detailed form by a committee presided over by Lord Amulree, who was Minister of Air during 1930 and 1931.

The members of this committee in the early part of 1934 gave up a great deal of their time to produce a report advocating the setting up of a statutory Housing Commission. The first object of such a body would be to organize the building, on a ten years' programme, of a million new houses, to be let at inclusive rents of 10s. and under, through the instrument of local authorities and public utility societies. The committee took the view that "the housing of the lower-paid workers at rents within their means should be accepted as a national responsibility and a public service." The same principle is the foundation of the Socialist party's housing policy, which includes the setting up of a Housing Commission.

Lord Listowel, speaking for the Labour party in the House of Lords, stated that his party accepted entirely the detailed proposals put forward by Lord Amulree, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Alfred Bossom, Sir Theodore Chambers, Sir Raymond Unwin, and their colleagues, except on two points. The Labour party consider that 1,000,000 houses at 10s. a week will not be sufficient, and prefer the number of 2,500,000, and are also doubtful whether a non-parlour house with three bedrooms is of a high enough standard for the lower-paid wage earners.

The Government, through the mouthpiece of Lord

Halifax, approached the question from a realist point of view, and left out all questions of party politics. It is, however, necessary to a clear understanding of the present position to appreciate that a Housing Commission is to be a plank in the platform of the Opposition at the next election, and that for purely practical reasons the scheme has not been adopted by the National Government.

Bishops, earnest social workers, and others with whom I have discussed the idea of a National Housing Commission, are undoubtedly attracted, as they feel that in some respects the outlook of the Ministry of Health is unsympathetic, and that local authorities are inclined to be dilatory and even unapproachable. They imagine that a new bureaucracy, headed by seven housing dictators, euphemistically called "Commissioners," would build cheaper and lower-rented houses than local councils.

There is also a good deal of prejudice against the private builder who, in the opinion of some of the advocates of the Commission, are "scamping" their work and are therefore unduly profiteering. The whole issue of private enterprise versus State-aided enterprise lies at the heart of this controversy, although in public those in favour of a Commission often pay lip service to builders.

The idea of a Commission has also obtained considerable influential support because the majority of public utility societies find it difficult to obtain sufficient capital to carry out their schemes. This is partly due to a lack of confidence on the part of investors, owing to the fact that out of 300 such societies registered since the War, over 100 have had to put up their shutters. Several of the advocates of a Housing Commission are officers of voluntary housing societies, and the idea of having a lucky dip into a fund of £400,000,000, guaranteed as to principal and interest on the credit of the British taxpayer, naturally appeals to them.

In order to appreciate the strength of the reasons which have influenced the National Government to decline to make any drastic change in the present housing

machine, a brief description must be given of the existing organization. The housing section of the Ministry of Health has been reorganized during the past few months by Sir Hilton Young in order that it may meet the immense burdens which are being thrown upon it owing to the speeding up of the slum clearance campaign, the rate of progress in the initial state of which has already been multiplied by five, and is now rapidly being accelerated. Town planning and housing have been joined into a single department under an officer with the special status of Director of Housing. This assists co-ordination between regional and local planning, and the building of houses, whether by local authorities, by private enterprise or by public utility societies. There is already in existence a Town Planning Advisory Council, and Lord Halifax stated on behalf of the Government that it is their intention in the near future to set up a Housing Advisory Committee. The staff at the Ministry, in size, is very much less than it was in the days of Dr. Addison, but those who survived the axe wielded by the late Lord Melchett, have, for the most part, fifteen years' experience, during which they have come into close personal contact with architects, builders, landowners, financiers, as well as with the members of all the statutory housing authorities in this country. These officials have brought to their complicated task first-class brains and also the incorruptible outlook for which the British Civil Service is renowned throughout the world. Their numbers have been substantially augmented in recent months in order to cope with the increase of work.

The Housing Committees of local authorities are also served by experienced staffs. Such a man as Mr. L. H. Keay, the Director of Housing of the City of Liverpool, for example, has planned five-storey flats which, in design and layout, are far superior to the much-boosted flats in Vienna or Berlin. The members of the committees are usually men and women of considerable local knowledge and sympathy, for otherwise they would not have

secured election, and inevitably look to the Ministry of Health for the guidance and help which they never fail to receive.

This part of the housing machinery has produced since 1919, 1,200,000 dwellings—a record which no other country in the world can surpass. The necessary adjustments to the machine have been made during the past two years in order to clear away before 1938 at least 260,000 slum dwellings, and to provide nearly 300,000 new homes for those who will be turned out of their present unhealthy and fœtid rooms.

The other part of the housing machine is controlled by private enterprise. This has expanded so that this year a considerably increased output is confidently expected. It is inevitable that if a Commission was set up and provided with the concealed subsidies represented by State guaranteed loans amounting to £400,000,000, private builders would decide that there was no inducement to risk money and energy with the dice so loaded. The leaders of the building industry have therefore made it clear that they consider the proposals to be directed against private enterprise, and a threat to destroy their business.

But the advocates of a Housing Commission assert that they are not influenced by any partisan or economic prejudice against private enterprise, and only ask builders to erect small houses to be let at low rents. As a matter of fact, such houses are increasingly being built, as the market for houses to sell becomes saturated. Out of 208,000 houses built during the year ending last March without State assistance, 19 per cent. were to let and 77,000 were " C " class houses, i.e. of a rateable value of under £13 in the provinces. Such pioneers in the building society world as Sir Enoch Hill have actually built, at Hipperholme, in Yorkshire, dwellings with a living-room and three bedrooms, let at 10s. a week inclusive of rates. The argument, therefore, used by the advocates of a Commission that private enterprise cannot produce low-

rented houses, appears to be put forward in ignorance of the rapidly changing conditions.

They declare that a Commission would not build itself, but would do so through the medium of local authorities and public utility societies. Unfortunately, the representative bodies, who can speak on behalf of local authorities, have stated without any equivocation that they have no use whatsoever for a new body, whatever it is called. They prefer to work direct with the Ministry of Health, and would regard the setting up of a Commission as the establishment of a barrier that would only triplicate work and introduce confusion and hesitation. I have not met an officer or member of any local authority who wishes the present machine to be hampered by such a self-acting brake as a Commission would be. Indeed, even if at the next election the Labour party were able to form a Government, it is very improbable that they would be able to carry out their policy of establishing a Housing Commission in the face of the hostility of local authorities.

It would mean, in fact, the breaking up of the Local Government machine, which was reconstructed in accordance with the Act of 1929. Housing cannot be separated in any locality from the provision of roads, lighting, water, drainage, and above all, the power to levy rates. As Lord Astor well said in the debate in the House of Lords last July, last year all housing records were broken, and if things went right, last year's record would be broken this year. He saw great danger and discouragement to local authorities which had built last year twice as many houses as in the best year before the war, if a Commission were created which would, in effect, be "new machinery, unrepresentative, not based upon an elected Government."

Members of Lord Amulree's Committee, however, now tell me that they are prepared to accept the decision of the Government, but that they intend to press the Government in the late autumn to give executive powers to the promised Housing Advisory Committee. Lord

Amulree and his distinguished colleagues are indeed optimistic if they imagine that either a Government Department or 1,800 local authorities will ever voluntarily give up any of their powers, or will consider that any good purpose can be served by giving a new body powers to interfere with their work.

Those who are convinced, not for partisan, but for practical reasons, that a Housing Commission would be a retrograde step, and, in fact, would condemn thousands of our fellow countrymen to continue to live in indefensible conditions for a longer period than if the present policy were pursued without any break, must not be condemned as reactionaries. There is much room for adaptation of the existing machinery in order that it may carry out the tasks that will be imposed upon it as a result of the new Housing Bill becoming law. British architects have still a long way to go in the design of working-class dwellings, whether high flats or cottages, and have something to learn from their colleagues on the Continent. There is, above all, urgent necessity for reform within the building industry itself, particularly for better organization of work and for standardization of materials.

But all these questions and others are already receiving attention. The central housing machine at the Ministry of Health will probably be extended during 1935 in order to meet the new responsibilities. A committee of experts set up by the Ministry has been at work during the past three months enquiring into the possibilities of providing working-class flats with modern amenities at considerably lower costs than at present. and are expected to issue an interim report on this aspect of the problem before Christmas. The Technical Committee of Review of the British Industries National Council, of which I am honorary secretary, has already issued a report on the Time and Progress Schedule as applied to building, pointing out the economies that may thereby be effected.

Lord Halifax has announced that under the new Bill,

local authorities will be enabled to transfer to public utility societies properties that may be reconditioned and managed, probably by women house property managers. On this point, however, it should be remembered that there are commercial companies now reconditioning property, charging rents lower than the average in the district, and at the same time paying their shareholders 8 per cent. on the original capital. A new vista of housing work in the future is opening out if voluntary housing associations develop on similar lines.

Finally, all students of housing must appreciate the fundamental fact that there is nothing a Housing Commission can do that the Ministry of Health cannot do if Parliament so wishes. Indeed, there is nothing that a Housing Commission can do, and which the Government or Parliament have so far thought desirable, that the Ministry of Health is not already doing. It would, therefore, be a suicidal policy at a time when the housing machine is likely to produce nearly 350,000 new dwellings in 1934–35 to risk the application of a self-acting brake which might bring the housing machine almost to a standstill.

"Detachment" and the Fictionist

By Wyndham Lewis

BOTH in England and the United States at present there is a great insistence upon the *credentials* of the artist—mainly of the artist-in-words, he is the worst hit. No man can enter the literary kingdom to-day without a visa, it amounts to that. His passport will have to tell the critic-turned-customsman not only the usual details, as to *when* he broke into the world, and *where*—and *why*, of course (of set purpose or for want of something better to do); but also what he votes—red, black or a dirty grey; how many times he has been in jail for his political convictions (the more often the more that lets him in, that is understood); and there are many other pointed questions to which he has to set his affidavit, to satisfy inquisitors of all shades of opinion—political, theological, ethical, economic, humanitarian, vivisectionist, anti-litter; and even so the aspirant for entry will have to remain in quarantine for a considerable time to make sure that he is not a carrier of German measles or some other foul complaint.

Imagine the author of "The Borough" putting out to-day such lines, for example, as these :—

> You reach a chilling Chamber, where you dread
> Damps, hot or cold, from a tremendous bed;
> Late comes your sleep, and you are waken'd soon
> By rustling tatters of the old festoon.

It would be in vain for that admirable artist to protest that he meant literally nothing beyond the descriptive phrasing—he was amusing himself merely with his "old festoon," that was all, he could point out; but that would be worse than useless, for "amusement" is anything but a popular word. He would be told that it was an *unlicensed* amusement, and that tremendous beds were anyway better left alone, whether hot or whether cold.

I exaggerate no doubt. But what is certain is that demonstrations of uneasiness are required of all who

handle words; ceaseless uneasiness not regarding the words themselves (for the dogma of the *mot juste* is a thing of the past), but regarding the assumptions upon which so much of language is based. Increasing curiosity is displayed (by critic and reader, of the more informed and particular sort) as to the *values* behind, or inherent in, any piece of writing, anything that is written that is worth bothering about. To what system, if any, are the writer's activities related (other than *his own*, which is, of course, anathema)? From what exactly does he derive this or that value? Such pointed inquiries must dog the steps of the most lighthearted fictionist to-day—if there is any lighthearted fictionist left. And I will guarantee that the American fictionist, Mr. Sinclair Lewis (much harassed and badgered by Messrs. Eastman, Nathan, Wilson, and others) never puts pen to paper now without first studying in all its aspects the political repercussions of the actions of his most minor character; I think it likely that even his gifted master, our Mr. H. G. Wells, in order to keep abreast of the "threat to democracy" (*see* the proceedings of that curious institution, the P.E.N. Club) involved in the fascist revolutions occurring all over the place, will have to make his *next* hero more "progressive," more a model of "emancipation," than any yet, and of a well-nigh bloodcurdling optimism; I can imagine that Mr. Priestley's next "wonder hero" may well turn out to be a renegade Blackshirt, say—or perhaps a young Conservative M.P. with qualms of conscience, and with a bluff, a little over-British, streak, which causes him defiantly to face the hustings as some odd kind of "Independent" candidate—disliked equally by Crippist Socialist and by Baldwin Nationalist; I should not be surprised if Mr. Aldous Huxley (banned in Germany, I am told, because his pen has hobnobbed with the pens of Mann and other refugees) will be constrained to plot his next "Brave New World" a little differently from the last; and, finally, no Harvard, and perhaps no Oxford, undergraduate, certainly (unless he be a Marxist)

can compose even the most trivial exercise in verse without a very anxious eye cocked in the direction of the author of "The Rock." And (talking of disturbers of the peace) I have reason to believe that even *I* have been responsible, in recent months, for disturbing the phlegmatic mental surfaces belonging to more writers than one (principally American) though I am not even a politician, much less a lay-divine!

Is there—in confidence, as man to man—anything in all this critical ballyhoo? Yes, there is *a great deal* in it; but *all* of it is not sensible. In Anglo-Saxony, especially, we have had a great deal too much of the happy-go-lucky in *belles lettres;* when the French and the Russians, in the last century, were producing works of great philosophical range and penetration, we were content to be merely chroniclers or moralists, save, perhaps, Henry James. And Kipling or Hemingway (picking illustrations from two hemispheres), fine as they are—and no one, in his kind, has ever written better than the latter, or for that matter the former—are too indifferent, really, to the great political issues, which it is nothing short of suicide to-day to turn your back on. So, in however sentimental a form the claims of a mystical truth may be put forward (damaging as you may conceive this or that soi-distant spiritual performance to the very interests it sets out to advance), whatever impatience may be felt with interference with the freedom of the artist (as it may well appear), and the introduction into the democracy of letters of an armed critical police, it must all the same be recalled that indifference to great spiritual issues, and major economic ones as well, has handicapped English letters for a long time now, and we have reposed too great a trust in instinct, and persistently fought shy of the disciplines of the intellect; so at the moment we must not be too particular about the shortcomings of the anti-materialist recruit; if his heart is in the right place, perhaps his head may follow, we must hope for the best.

It is a very uneasy time, indeed, then, for the poet, the fictionist, and, indeed, every artist-in-words of any pretensions; it is none too comfortable though for any man who is prone to indulge in that *detachment* which, since the Renaissance, art as much as science has enthroned as its sovereign quality, and has come to regard as unquestionably the most propitious attitude in face of Beauty, as well as face to face with Truth. For modern art and modern science were born in the same Italian bed, of the same spirit of exact observation and experiment. Yet—for this is not a partisan article—although I have assented to those conditions of *uneasiness*, all the same this famous "detachment" which the best art shares with the best science, as its master principle—this *absence of system* or *independence of all system*—is a great quality; it has been, not only for us and since the Renaissance, but anywhere in the world, the condition of the finest achievement in an art. And so it may not be amiss in such a necessarily brief consideration of this new criticism with all its up-to-date destructive equipment levelled at amusement, pure and simple, at artistic delight without *arriere pensèe*, to see how this *detachment* stands in our time; if any of it can be saved, and upon what terms.

II

When you decide to take up a book of fiction and have a read—I do not mean a Vicki Baum or Edgar Wallace, but say a book of Aldington's ("The Colonel's Daughter" or "The Death of a Hero"), or of John Collier ("Defy the Foul Fiend"), or of Liam O'Flaherty ("The Informer"), or Huxley's "Brave New Worlds," or "Point-Counterpoint"—you are proposing to yourself a certain type of enjoyment; just as when you go to a play, or buy a ticket for a lecture, a prize-fight, or a Queen's Hall concert. In taking up a book by the famous American novelist, William Faulkner (say "Light in August"), you are taking a ticket as well for the Slave States that were; with D. H. Lawrence (say "The Woman Who

Rode Away") you will be off to New Mexico. For you travel while you read—a novel is usually a cheap and exciting holiday, you get your money's worth if the author-fellow is not one of those highbrows who is always up to disconcerting technical tricks. Immediately, with these two authors, Faulkner and Lawrence, you are plunged into startling adventures; you are surrounded by mysterious sun-worshipping Indians in the one case, by fiery Southern Gentlemen and blood-conscious Blacks in the other. All this is great fun. And you would probably *not* take up a novel, to have a good read, as often as you do, if a novel were not a great *amusement*, aside from anything else that may creep in apologetically from time to time.

But there is one thing that is worth noting about this particular form of enjoyment, and I will draw your attention to it at once, and at some length. First, this enjoyment will probably be on the leisurely side, rather long spun-out: the climax, the orgasm, will arrive very slowly. According to the author that you choose, it will occur in any of a hundred very different ways. But it will always be an experience of a more *private* nature, if you understand me, than that you will derive from the more physical and visual kinetic arts and gregarious pleasures. This is what distinguishes it from many other enjoyments; and that is the point I wished to stress in passing.

The images flashed upon the brain-screen will come from your own *private* stock of images—the hero and heroine will, in this sense, wear your livery. They will all be in mulberry—or else in *couleur-de-rose* (however drab and depressing the verbal pigment)—or in scarlet, or in black and white. It will, indeed, be in vain for the writer to write *red*, if you are not the sort of chap to *see red*; or vulgarly to write "colorful," if you are not very "fond of colour"—I have known people who found the stories of de Maupassant *very cheerful!* It was in vain that the seeds of suicide, and all the batteries of German

pessimism, coloured his pages with a deathly melancholy; to these people, in spite of everything, they seemed frisky and gay to a degree!

Help yourself you cannot. The written story is with you, rather than an adventure in the objective world, a stimulation of your own private world, with all its oddities: blind spots, omissions, colour-blindness (if present), astigmatic distortions, and the rest of it; all the physical singularities, doubled with all the mental singularities, too.

It is quite true that at a play, or at a cinema, you are using your *private* eyes and your neighbour is using his. What you see is not what he sees. But if you both are *looking at* Clark Gable or Margaret Sullavan, that is a very different matter to your both *reading*, say, about two such people—the hero and heroine of a popular novel. In the latter case, the physical difference alone will be enormous between what two readers see with their mind's eye, when the character "Clark Gable" is described in *words*, instead of being photographed for you in movement upon a screen.

This great distinction between the sort of impact to be looked for from the printed word and, on the other hand, from the presence of living persons (upon a stage or a screen) is very significant. The private—the romantic, the subjective—has its natural refuge in the printed word. The library book is the native art of the solitary. It is really of some consequence to stress this aspect of novel reading; it plays its part in any thorough critical study of the problems of the fictionist.

So the novel is, in the very nature of things, not the art *par excellence* of the Man of Action—of the sort of athletic robot ideologically arrived at by the Machine Age. The *act of reading* is not so direct—muscular, vascular, emotional—as the *act of seeing*. It is scarcely an *action* at all. It is doubtful if that citizen who would be the *beau idéal* of the bravest of brave new worlds

would be taught to read. He would, indeed, be ashamed of such a retrograde accomplishment; and, of course, the radio is an excellent substitute for the newspaper. But that *at any time* the average sensual man is improved by being so taught is not only questionable, one may almost assert that it has been fully demonstrated by this time that such is not the case. The oldest peasants, in the villages of backward States, are invariably seen to be of a more independent mind, and even to use language with a greater delicacy and resource, than their grandchildren who have been taught to read and write. This has been so often noted as to have become a truism.

Nevertheless, at present most men are able to read and write and most men read "fiction" as much as they see plays, I suppose. So the above speculative remarks with reference to the future of the printed word are only intended to be of service as a historic background —the background of a probable to-morrow, if one may refer to that hypothetic landscape just ahead of where we stand as a background.

That no drama, read to yourself, in an armchair—using your private stock of images and so stereotyping your ego, as it were—is the real thing, in the way of dramatic art; that it is not the most up-and-coming of arts either—that the Future will scorn it—that all true-blue Men of Action of the Present scorn it or would if their attention were drawn to it, out of the muscular turmoil of their lives—that it cannot take its place in a truly "corporate," or "communist," State—that it is tainted with Individualism, in the very nature of things—all this perhaps goes without saying, and yet, in a confused world, had better be stated, and with some extra definition. Then we shall be able to proceed.

For the very reason, perhaps, that fiction is, if not actually secretly, yet *privately* enjoyed, it should be especially subject, in a world of great changes, to scrutiny. And I think, if that is done, it will be found that the

fictionist indulges in an Individualism of which the more public arts are purged. I have said that the printed book (when it is art and not information) is indicated as the natural refuge of the romantic and individualist spirit. A superficial examination of a few characteristic books published at the present time would bear out that statement, I am sure.

Compare any novel with the film that is subsequently made of it, for instance. You will at once perceive what I mean. The book is at least twice as romantic as its cinematographic double. "All Men are Enemies" or "Farewell to Arms" may be cited as illustrations. The film, to be as good as the book, has in any case to be entirely different. Usually in the case of interesting books (such as those I have selected above) the popular screen version is of infinitely less significance, a parody, in fact. But, however this may be, the book simply disappears altogether in the translation into flesh and blood. It is not at all surprising—seeing that the reader and the picture-goer are two different persons!

I hardly know if I have chosen the best route for arriving at what I have to say in this essay regarding the standing of art—regarded as an occupation requiring "detachment"—in a world so bitterly "in earnest" and so impatient of anything that looks at all like an ivory tower. But as it is clear that a man, as "a political animal," is also *a public animal:* that his private and subjective self is utterly unpolitical or non-political and anarchic—then, I think it must be agreed, there is something at least to be said for the method of approach I have adopted. Consider the great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century. They were very political animals, indeed. The great English novelists of the same century were in comparison mere animals *tout court,* or else blandly genteel. The reason for this difference is to be sought, I think, in the different attitude to art existing in the respective publics of Russia and England. A Mr.

Micawber, a man languishing in the Marshalsea, was the father of Dickens—a Dostoievsky-like figure, certainly; but the spiritual father of Dostoievsky was Fyodor Karamazoff, a very different kettle of fish.

For the Englishman of tradition, taking his cue from a fox-hunting aristocracy (" for thinking they have no great turn," in the words of Matthew Arnold, these territorial masters of " the unphilosophic race," as they contemptuously were described by Nietzsche) for the average Englishman art has been *a sport*. So has politics, of course—a sort of eternal boxing-match, under Queensberry Rules, between a Tory and a Whig; and, outside the political prize-ring—where the most " hotly-contested " bout always must terminate in a hearty handshake, Mr. Left and Mr. Right have always been the best of friends. But politics is one sort of sport, art is another sort of sport. For an " artist-fellow " therefore, like Tolstoy or Dostoievsky, to marry politics into art would be an impropriety—a hybrid must result; a piece of *Tory fiction*, or a piece of *Whig fiction*, would have been, to the traditional John Bull, an abomination—if you like a similar order of joke as " A Radical Tennis-player," or " A Seventh Day Adventist Bisley Marksman," or " A Baptist Rowing Blue."

The great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century prepared the way for the Soviet Revolution. The great English novelists of the same century—whether this is to their credit or no, is not the question at this stage—could have been held no more responsible for a barricade, had such a thing made its appearance, than for an Ice Age, had such a phenomenon occurred. For Thackeray, a nostalgic *pasticheur*, the French Revolution was abolished—in 1850 he was back in the days of " The Bee " and " The Rambler." The politics of Trollope were the ecclesiastical disturbances of a sleepy county-capital, no more; the " high " and the " low " churchmen were his white guards and his red guards. And the politics of Conrad, the last of that line, were the politics of the

clipper and confined to the grouses of "the greaser" or the supercargo; his economics were those of Daniel Defoe. That takes up to 1914.

But before proceeding I had better meet a possible objection, for I suppose that Trollope may be regarded by some people as a peculiarly political writer. There is his "Phineas Finn," for instance; that is ostensibly a political book. But it was not political in the sense intended here. "Phineas Finn" is all about the House of Commons, certainly, and the lives of Cabinet Ministers and M.P.'s, whereas "The Brothers Karamazov," to turn to a famous Russian novel, is all about a murder in a Russian country house; it is not ostensibly about politics at all. Yet "The Brothers Karamazov" is far more political, in the most vital sense, than is "Phineas Finn."

"Phineas Finn" was written rather to introduce the political world of London, as a possible narrative subject-matter, into the English novel, than to stage a political issue in a book of fiction; and Trollope worked very hard on his local colour, going to the House of Commons every day for several months to get the correct "atmosphere" for this experiment. The "Radicalism" talked in Lady Laura Kennedy's drawing-room, by "that most inveterate politician, Lady Glencora," and the rest, in the *same* Radicalism that we have all heard in the London drawing-rooms of a so much later day; a genteel self-advertisement, indulged in by sheltered and wealthy people, desirous of contriving a little identity for themselves, and of sending a shudder down some country flunkey's back—and down their own as well, of course.

These salon reds, of high degree, are well observed, for Trollope had an excellent pair of eyes in his head; but (to his credit or not) he was so little of a politician, this reporter of parts, and so much the professional romancer, that he supplies us with a good photograph, not a living artistic organism. The letter of Mr. Joshua Monk, certainly, is an excellent statement of the theory of

English democracy; the M.P's should not be "the best possible 658 Members of Parliament"—that is "a repulsive idea," indeed, for the true democrat! thinks Mr. Joshua Monk. No, they should be like a faithful portrait gallery: "As a portrait should be like the person portrayed, so should a representative House be like the people whom it represents." But there are some, Mr. Monk tells Phineas in his letter, who do not at all understand the principle of *representation;* who "declare to themselves that this wicked, half-barbarous, idle people should be *controlled* and not *represented*," And when the simple Phineas shows Mr. Monk's letter to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Low, the latter exclaims: "It's what I call downright Radical nonsense. . . . 'Portrait,' indeed! Why should we want *a portrait* of ignorance and ugliness?" Mrs. Low's rejoinder to the argument in the letter of Mr. Monk is based upon the type of reasoning of those hostile to democratic institutions, to be met with upon all sides to-day. And it is evident that Trollope had pondered a little upon all these matters. But "Phineas Finn" is not a political book, in anything but subject-matter, for all that; it is in the main an entertainment novel, packed with the stilted sex-interest of the time, and, as for politics, must be regarded as the daring experiment of a professional purveyor of entertainment (of a high order) intended to put across that supernovelty, *the political hero*, of all ungodly things! So he explains it, indeed, more or less, in his autobiography.

But since 1914, when the curtain went down upon Conrad and James—it was the end of the nineteenth century—the English have undergone a transformation. This may be interpreted by saying of them that politics no longer seems to them *a game;* and as to art, that, as a pure game, would no longer be understood by them. I do not mean, of course, to say that the English Public have arrived at the unquiet and piercing vision of the slavonic mind, which, partly Asiatic, is prone to feel

that nothing can be separated from anything else—respectively marked for convenience "game" and "reality," or "religious" and "secular." But they have moved very appreciably away from the light-hearted pigeon-holing of their grandfathers. A troubled suspicion has entered into them that when you resort to a cinema for light amusement you may come out less unmodified than, strictly speaking, should be the case—from a mere house-of-play; that when you pick up a book that purports to tell you an innocent little story, to while away an hour or two, your outlook may be affected by it very much more than by any ostensibly *serious* treatise: that *art-for-art's sake* is nonsense, and that *art* is only another way of doing something that is called life; and that as to politics, they are, in fact, a grimmer sport than the principles of the party game of Tory and Whig—or Unionist and Labour—would lead one to suppose.

The upshot of this, in the matter of reading, is not very spectacular, I am afraid. With the exception of the large book-reading class of long-adult, anything-but-destitute, females in Great Britain, "fiction" in the sense of Thackeray or Conrad is no longer read. The "mystery" story or crime novel has taken its place. And the British crime book has invaded, and is conquering, the Continent of Europe. When this phase passes we shall then be face to face, I predict, with the New Briton, for better or for worse far more militant than his fore-father; who even may be led, *via* crime-in-the-raw, to such crime as that enshrined in the murder of Fyodor Karamazov; or back, if you prefer it, to the criminal undertakings of Macbeth, or of Richard III. He might even abandon "crime" altogether. But that is looking too far ahead.

(*To be continued*)

The Lost Diamond

By Basset Scott

IN summertime every good Englishman visiting Paris hastens hungrily to the Café de la Paix. Here upon the sunny pavement he selects a chair near a pretty woman, rolls a conscientious " r " in his summons to the waiter, orders a *bock*, and produces his last Gold Flake. Soon the Paris *Daily Mail* slips unheeded to the ground; he sits, sips, smokes and stares in a lazy contentment at the stream of an alien life. Here is the real *cinéma de luxe*.

That is very well, but when the days shorten even Paris pavements grow draughty about apéritif time, and the knowing visitor slips round the corner past the Théatre Edouard VII to the Cintra. The big, panelled room with its double seats set English-fashion round the walls offers a welcome in contrast with the slight and cynical appreciation of the Café. All the sherries of Spain are ranged about and above him in pot-bellied barrels. The waiter brings tiny, stick-pierced sausages, fat olives, curled anchovies bedded on toast and pillowed on a slice of hard boiled egg. The clatter of tric-trac dice punctuates a dozen half-heard conversations, for the picture here has turned talkie, talkie with intimate close-ups and an endless theme. The lips of the pretty ladies of Paris have uttered the same sentiments since François Villon sang their praise.

Hither I came one dank November evening and here I met him whose claim to be the mirror of a perfect chivalry I now set forth. Inelegantly pre-occupied with an anchovy I responded with Saxon clumsiness to his sweeping bow and murmured " Vous permettez, Monsieur? " He sat down, made a little business of lighting a cigarette while I disciplined my savoury, then offered his case. Within a moment or two he had accepted an apéritif, refused a sausage, summed me up in one quick, unoffending glance, and welcomed the English nation in my approved person. As we began to chat I made

my own cautious estimate. He was tall, thin and dark with a greying imperial and grey-flecked black hair. No society gossip could have failed to call him distinguished, but what really distinguished him for me was an unassumed flamboyance that went oddly with the general correctness of his voice, his gestures and his clothes. Everywhere there was a slight exaggeration. It was as though his producer had taken just one over the eight.

What it was that turned our talk to the subject of cards I don't remember—some reference, perhaps, to the tric-trac players was the originating point. He told some agreeable tales of his experiences at baccarat, and I was keeping the ball rolling with my best bridge anecdote when a glance at his face stopped me. His expression had changed from gay to sullen, betraying clearly not boredom but ill-will.

"You are not a bridge-player, Monsieur?" I stammered.

He looked at me almost resentfully and was silent for a full minute, then seized the apéritif that the waiter had just put before him and drank it in a single gulp. Suddenly his face cleared.

"It is a subject, Monsieur," he said, "that commonly I hold in abhorrence. It has for me a singular significance. I do not speak of it—I have never spoken of it. But what matter?—to a stranger, a foreigner—to-night I will speak. I will tell you a story that I have never told to a soul. After all, it is a story of happiness for me, since it recounts my conquest of a queen among women. It maybe you will not fully understand—you pardon me, I hope?—will not altogether appreciate its niceties. No matter, I cannot for ever repress myself. Garçon."

When the drinks were brought, he began: "You ask me, Monsieur, if I am a bridge-player? I am; and so, *mon Dieu*, is my wife. It was at the bridge table that we met—on a voyage—a pleasure cruise you call it, I think? We had visited your Byron's Isles of Greece, Egypt, Crete, the Balearics, and we were returning to

Marseilles—seven years ago, yes, seven years almost to a day.

It was the last night of the voyage, and the final round of the ship's bridge tournament was being played. Those were the days before duplicate matches were known, my friend, but her superb skill, to which fortune had paid homage, had carried my Lucille unperturbed to the final. It was not my felicity to be her partner on this occasion, but I had secured a seat immediately at her side, and if the ardour of prayers could ensure her victory, then victory was already hers. But there were necessary preliminaries before the cup should be handed to her among the resounding plaudits of our fellow-passengers.

I was a widower at that time, Monsieur, a widower of but recent standing, yet able already to apprehend the existence in Lucille of those qualities, both physical and spiritual, which would fit her to be the second consort of the Comte de Tournelle."

He bowed gravely across the empty glasses and when I had returned his salute and supplied the deficiency, he continued :—

"It is without doubt a fanciful comparison but not perhaps quite foolish when I say that her character is as fitted to the playing of our adorable Plafond as is that of certain modern young ladies to the business of present-day Contract. Frank yet subtle, generous yet resolute, firm yet flexible—there you have it, Monsieur; and requiring of her partner a measure of sympathetic understanding not attainable through the medium of a few conventional phrases. An artist, in short, not a mechanical gold-digger."

He looked at me sternly, and I felt, as a greater than I had felt before me, that the night was too wet for argument. I murmured my felicitations on his possession of so admirable a woman and begged him to continue.

"But in those days even Contract was but emerging from its sinister infancy. It was Auction we played, a game so akin to Plafond that Lucille had had no difficulty

in mastering its potentialities within the first few days of our voyage. This final match was the best of five rubbers, and so contrary did the cards prove that even her exquisite play, while easily securing two rubbers, was forced to surrender an equal number to altogether inferior opponents. Imagine to yourself, my friend, the tensity of the situation when in the fifth rubber a game had been won by either side and the deal for the last and deciding game was made. *C'était vraiment formidable!* Garçon!"

With true artistry he set a pregnant pause before the climax of his narrative; then wiped his lips and continued.

"It was at this moment of crisis that the moment of my fate also arrived. Lucille, who had dealt herself the ace, king, queen of clubs, the ace of spades and the ace of hearts declared for sans-à-tout. Her opponent on the left bid two hearts, and Lucille's partner, a player of little imagination but of a perfect reliability, had no hesitation in saying two sans-à-tout. The match was evidently theirs. Nor when this bid was doubled did she think twice before redoubling. This was merely, as you say in your so expressive idiom, money for marmalade.

A card was led, dummy laid down her hand, and then . . . Ah, then, Monsieur, the depth of infamy to which the human soul can sink was terribly discovered. The card led was not a heart, of which dummy held the king and queen in addition to the king and queen of spades, but the ace of diamonds, of which suit dummy had but the six alone. Instantaneously Lucille's quick brain grasped the vile plot of which she had been made the victim, and she sank back in her seat almost dropping her cards in the first shock of despair. *The bidder of hearts had no hearts, but he had a suit of diamonds, no doubt solid, of almost incredible length.* A glance at her own hand, in which were only two small diamonds confirmed her fears, and when on the king that followed the ace her opponent also failed, she knew that this arch-villain of chicanerie on her left held no less than nine of the

suit. Inevitably she must be five tricks down, doubled and redoubled! She had been tricked, befooled, betrayed!

Ah, Monsieur, what admiration, what devotion glowed in my heart when I perceived the calm with which Lucille envisaged this horrible situation! Not only must she almost certainly lose the match but she—she the proud, the exquisite, the superb—would become the laughing-stock of the ship. Sneers for congratulations, ridicule for envy—an agreeable prospect truly. Nevertheless, after the first involuntary movement she recovered her habitual sangfroid and played imperturbably to the long procession of diamonds that was ruthlessly poured out.

Presently I found that I could no longer endure the sight of such torture. I averted my gaze from the brutal triumph of the traitor, the stoical suffering of his victim, the sadistic pleasure of the spectators, and I fixed it on the floor. Instantly I received a second shock. At my feet was lying a faced card—the four of diamonds. For perhaps five seconds I stared at it stupidly—then I realised everything in a flash. At Lucille's first movement of horror, as I described it to you, this card must have slipped from her hand to her lap and, when she sat up again, from her lap to the floor. To the agony that she was even now undergoing must be added soon the knowledge that she had revoked six times!

My friend, there must be a limit to cruelty, a limit to the humiliation of beauty and virtue—this limit, I instantly decided, must not be passed. While the attention of all was still riveted on the dramatic happenings at the table, I stretched down my arm, secured the card and slipped it unperceived into my pocket.

A moment later the cry I was now expecting burst from Lucille.

"*Mon Dieu!* I am a card short!"

Needless, Monsieur, to recount the confusion, the searchings, the outcries, to which truly there could be but one conclusion. Another deal was ordained; at its end the victory was to Lucille.

The next morning I told her all. 'My honour, Mademoiselle,' I ended, 'is in your hands.' 'To you, Monsieur le Comte,' she replied, 'I return it untarnished. For the rest . . .' Her voice was choked with a passionate gratitude. 'Five down!' she murmured when she could speak again. 'Doubled!' said I. 'And redoubled!' she gasped. 'Six revokes'! I cried. 'Ah, *mon Dieu!*' she screamed and fell into my receptive arms."

Monsieur le Comte de Tournelle rose and resumed his overcoat, regarding me the while with a moist and benevolent eye. "'Yours also, Monsieur," he murmured, "is a chivalrous race. I rejoice to see from your expression that my conduct has the cachet of your approval." And he went out with the step of a righteous man justified.

A Victorian Woman in the Crimea

Edited by Hector Bolitho

Mary Stanley was a sister of Dean Stanley of Westminster; both were children of the Bishop of Norwich and of the family of the Stanleys of Alderley. Mary Stanley went out as a nurse, to support Florence Nightingale in her work among the wounded and sick soldiers in the Crimea. Six years after the war, she went back again, to see the battlefields and to visit the places in which she had worked. The following letters, showing the fortitude and perseverance with which Victorian women set out upon journeys into uncomfortable places, were written to Mary Stanley's mother in the summer of 1861.

Therapia,

12 a.m. August 26th.

THEY said we should enter the Bosphorus at 4 a.m. . . . Day was breaking and the sun rose as we steamed down. You can imagine the intense interest and the beauty of a sunrise in such a place. There was Buzekdereh Bay, then Therapia. Then Kandali and then my poor, dear mined Koullali, all the centre gone, but the well-known form left with its blank windows. And then Pera and Constantinople, in all its glory, glittering in the early morning. It seemed like a dream. There rose Scutari unchanged, with its four towers.

August 28th.

About 1, Lady H., A[rthur Stanley], I and two others landed to go up to the Scutari burying ground. It looked more beautiful and interesting than ever. I went to all the graves I knew. I made a sketch, I gathered what I could of grass, thistles, etc. Ask Auntie to tell Lady E. Waldegrave that I specially visited Lord Cherston's

grave and have brought away some thistles from it for her and Lady Cherston, the star-like thistle called here, the Spina di Christo.

Therapia, August 29th.

. . . we heard that in the night we had narrowly escaped being burnt! A lady in the hotel had held her candle inside the mosquito nets to look for mosquitos and had set fire to them. Finding she could not put it out herself, she rang violently and the waiter came and it was put out, but not before the mattress and sheets and her gowns at the end of the bed were all burnt, and her hands and the waiter's also burnt. . . .

. . . We did not land at the Scutari pier, but at a village just above it. Here we engaged two carriages, like toy coaches, with painted windows and gaudy panels, but we walked up the hill through the street, really to enjoy the Asiatic sights, the village shops, the people, etc. We mounted up to the burying ground, and then went down a street which led us by the steep paved ascent to the great Barrack of Scutari. That ascent up wh. our poor soldiers were brought. That ascent I had so often toiled up, and we came at once to the Main guard door, the paved portico under which I last saw Florence [Nightingale] and where I took leave of her. We tried to get in, but the Turkish Guard waved us off. . . . The drive was quite if not more beautiful than I remembered it . . . first thro' the dark Cypress forest, carpeted with Turkish tombs. At last we came out upon dear Koullali.

Later.

Some days and scenes are specially stamped upon one's memory. Who will forget the arrival of the first batch of invalids who were to be located in the upper hospital only vacated by the Turks a week before? The huge wood fire in the stoveless kitchen, the large caldrons of water set on, the basons of arrowroot mixed, thrown in and stirred with a long wooden pole, for want of better implements. Then was the melancholy procession up

the hill; worn-out men dragging their weak and weary frames along, some supported on each side, some carried on stretchers! Who will forget the sensation caused by salutes fired at Constantinople, reverberating as they did across the Bosphorus, till the old walls of Koullali shook again! At such times the one thought in the wards was, "Had Sebastopol fallen?" Dying men have sat up in their beds and clasped their hands, unable to utter more than the one word, "Sebastopol." "Has it fallen?" "Would that I had been in at the last!"

Perhaps one of the most memorable days was that of the arrival of the news of the death of the Emperor of Russia. The excitement in the wards was great. From bed to bed the words travelled round, "Nicholas is dead," "Nicholas is dead," "The Emperor of Russia is dead." The remarks were varied: "Thank God! All blessings be with you for bringing us such blessed news"—"What! Nicholas! Nicholas is dead! Well, one should not be glad at any one's death, but we can't help it now"—"How did he die? If he died by poison we shall have peace, but not otherwise"—"Well, I'd rather have that news than a month's pay. I hope it's true"—"He's a deal to answer for. He's been the death of thousands." One man burst into tears, and, slowly raising his hands, he clasped them in fervent prayer, exclaiming, "Thank God! The Lord have mercy upon his soul."

August 29th.

We got out and went first up to the upper Hospital which is still used, and so we were refused admittance beyond the entrance. But this did not signify much. It was the lower building I cared to see and the view between the two. That beautiful view. The paved ascent was unchanged, the little Turkish building where we used to buy milk and butter for the soldiers, and, to my great joy (the two sides of the square were unroofed and in ruins one side), one corner remained and that one corner was our first quarters! And the ward adjoining

. . . and then up our own staircase to our rooms, exactly as we took possession of them, only cleaned now. I cannot say what it was to see our own room, every cupboard there. Here we kept our choice stores. Here was my dressing closet. Here my bed stood. . . . I could almost fancy all there again.

The Erskines and Mr. Clarke dined with us. Sir H. Bulwer [the British Ambassador] was at Therapia in the morning. He has no establishment here, but comes down suddenly and sleeps in his own chair, sending to Mr. Erskine for a few ounces of tea, one or two candles, etc. I am sure Lady Stratford would be more than satisfied if she could hear the lamentations over the change since her time. It really is a sad thing that England shd. be so represented in such a place, and it is such a very bad life for the young men of the Embassy. No home, no society, no example. While here, Lady Bulwer made a point of going to Church, but now none go ever. . . . You would like to see Arthur with a white muslin scarf twisted round his black hat like a turban. All the English gentlemen here have them, and so I bought him two in the bazaar. I was asked 5/- each. My Jewish guide beat the Turk down, as I thought, to 2/- each, and I paid that. But the Jew pocketed 1/6 and gave the Turk 2/6.

Odessa Steamer,
Golden Horn,
September 3rd.

. . . I shall tell you about the Harem . . . belonging to Cabrisly Pasha, and considered to be a good one. We tried to be as smart as possible, as material is much thought of. I put on my watered silk, my best lace cap and sleeves, white muslin shawl and best bonnet and brooch . . . we were received by a number of slaves in loose flowing robes and ushered into a large room, with a matted floor with low divans all round. In a few minutes, in came the lady of the house, a handsome woman about 50, with a diamond wreath round her head. At first it was somewhat awful—questions came slowly and we

sate round, looking. Then in came slaves with a tray of sweetmeats and water—followed by coffee. They asked who we were and I showed my brooch. Lettie Hamilton, a bracelet with the bullet wh. had wounded her husband, and Mrs. Marriott a locket with her husband's photograph and a list of his battles. By way of breaking the form, Lady H. asked about the yashmak or veil, and begged to try one on. This excited peals of laughter. . . . One could hardly believe they were beings like ourselves, they were so utterly Soul-less. Miss Crutchley said that their intellect was not that of a child of 3, that it was impossible to teach them anything. Miss Crutchley is going to marry someone connected with her Mission and she said they asked all manner of coarse questions relative to it. . . . The German lady said she spent much time with them and that their conversation was of the coarsest, lowest kind. In fact, they are very little better than animals.

Black Sea,

September 4th.

Here I am on deck, sitting on my air cushion, very comfortable. The awning up—a fresh breeze and a smooth sea. We are in great luxury, for we have the ladie's cabin all to ourselves and it is large and airy, opening on to the deck.

Yalta,

Crimea ! !

September 9th.

We embarked yesterday morning from Odessa and sailed about noon—a bright day and *apparently* smooth sea, but she soon found a rolling sea outside. The fact was the vessel had no ballast, no merchandise, and no passengers. Why she was sent, the Capt. cd. not imagine. He had been 5 months at Sebastopol and talked over all the positions. Then he asked why in the world we had not taken Sebastopol at once after Alma, when they had only 200 men there, and he pulled out his maps to shew what were the fortifications then and what they

were a fortnight afterwards, when every man, woman and child had worked day and night to defend the town. He said we could have taken it without any loss of life. "Ah c'etait une guerre de fautes de tous côtés." It was so curious to hear him describe his life there and to hear his questions.

Baidar,

September 11th.

What a curious day we had yesterday! Mr. Graves, the agent, gave us luncheon at 1. His mother was a simple-minded old lady who had been very handsome. There was a melancholy in her manner wh. made us sure she had known better and happier days. They poured out the whole history of the Aloushta affair to us. . . . Mr. Graves, who was born and educated in Russia and knows a great deal, wondered why the English had not marched to Perecop after Alma, which they would have secured at once and cut off all Russian supplies, and then the whole Tartar population wd. have joined them.

Of the Tartars he spoke most highly. I grieve to say that he said in the 30 years he had been at Aloupka he had never known a theft until the Christian Russians came to settle there!

Sebastopol,

September 11th, 11 p.m.

I cannot go to bed till I have written to you. Yes, we are indeed here. At Aloushta, in a Tartar cottage, we found the first vestige of the war in one of the Governt. tarpaulins being found as a carpet to the Tartar woman. At Baidar, the cottage palings had on them, "Double-boarded huts."

From Baidar we came at a frightful pace, whirling down hill and round corners till I was almost sick with fright, the object being to get thro' the Baidar Gorge while the moon was up. From the gorge we emerged to an undulating plain, as far as I cd. see, and then each step was full of interest, dark as it was. First came the

ruins of the Sardinian camp. Then the Tremaya valley and the scene of the fatal Cavalry charge. Then the Inkerman revolving lights twinkled in the distance, and the flat ridge of the plateau appeared like a wall before us. Our wearied horses stopped to rest after we reached the top of this ridge and stood on the flat platform. It was a cloudless, starlight night with a waning Crescent moon. Not a sound was heard but the chirping of grasshoppers; not a living being in sight. On that ground where our whole army had lived and which R.H. [a friend who had fought in the Crimea, who accompanied the party as a guide] had only known as teeming with life and death. It was there Lord Raglan had witnessed the fatal charge before, on October 25th.

Then we came to the ravine. R.H. having some anecdote to tell of each turn. "It was here Dunkellin lost his way." "It was in that cave we used to sit as we went from the trenches," etc., "And here was our last point. We never came nearer."

The first intimation that we had entered the town was seeing the dark forms of ruins. "This was the main street," said R.H. Not one house remained whole. On each side stood the ghostly ruins of what had been a handsome street. Some were quite razed to the ground, others in different stages of ruin, and thro' this once fine street we drove to the Inn, and here we are, a good deal tired.

September 12th.

We drove up from the ravine to the great plateau and on till we came to the enclosure on Cathcart's Hill. It is very well done, a good solid wall all round and a gateway. Within, the graves are ranged in rows. The gravestones are simple, some simple circular headstones, some crosses. I went round to each. It was most deeply affecting. So many names one knew about. . . . Henry Neville, Col. Seymour (Lady Spencer's brother of whom she talked to me so much), Gerard Strickland, young Hurst (Lady Hatherton's cousin or nephew), Dawson, Eliot,

Bouverie, Wynne, and this is only one cemetry. I gathered flowers from each I knew. The view from the steps of the cemetry was grand. There was the whole plateau which was peopled by our army and bounded by the sea on one side, by the rocky Aloushta Coast on the other. What struck me so much was the magnitude of the efforts and the minuteness of the prize to be gained . . . we sate on the very spot where the D[uke] of Newcastle witnessed the storming of the town.

September 13th.

. . . The Redan was most interesting to see, for from it you saw all the Russian Batteries and the manner of warfare. I stood on the spot where General Windham had made the desperate assault, unsupported. I saw the space our troops had to run from the advanced trench, to scale the Redan, and the murderous fire they were exposed to from all sides. How one escaped to tell the tale seems miraculous. I made a sketch of Sebastopol from the Redan for you.

. . . We went on to Inkerman and scaled the heights and down to the English Battery, where Robin had been at 5 p.m. on Nov. 5., after the battle, when Lord Raglan and Conrobert had come up to see the field and when R. said, the dead lay so thick all round, you cd. scarcely tread unless upon them.

After our dinner we went to tea at Col. Gowan. Mrs. G. had a child's party, such a strange contrast from all we had been seeing that day, to walk to tea and find some dozen girls in white frocks, running races in the deserted square before Col. G.'s house, which had been Prince Gortschikoff's. The evening was wearisome enough. Mrs. G. oppressed us with kindness and American vulgarity.

The only point of interest was an officer of, I conclude, some note, who had been all thro' the siege with his mother, and he gave interesting details of what passed or rather how all went on, inside the town, as if nothing

was wrong. Balls and parties as usual, provisions in plenty. He also repeated, what we have heard from two other Russian quarters, that had we marched upon Sebastopol from Alma, we should have taken it without shedding a drop of blood, that they were at that moment powerless! What they effected in those fourteen days delay is almost incredible.

Saturday night.

To-day we have devoted to Balaclava. . . . We went over the plain and to Head quarters. There was General Estcourt's solitary grave and there Robin described to us the scene the day Lord Raglan's coffin was taken to England, the whole road lined with soldiers leaning on their bayonets, the guns firing the whole way. . . . We saw the whole scene of the Balaclava Charge, and then on (over such roads !) to Balaclava, lunching under a rock overlooking the Harbour. "Do you mean that is the harbour in which all the ships were? That pond!" "Yes."

I went up to see the graves of my two Sisters of Mercy who died there and then I went up to the Genoese Fort, to see the white cross Florence had erected, put up in an inaccessible place, where no graves exist, without any inscription, no one knew why. The wind was so tremendous I stopped short of the top and came down.

September 14th.

There was no Church, but the Greek one, and Lettie and I felt we could best spend the day in the cemetries . . . we drove up first to the Oboronzoff road cemetry. Capt. Hedley Vicars is buried there and I brought away some flowers for Charlotte to give his family. Mrs. Gowan had taken the greatest pains with his grave, out of gratitude for his "Life." She tried in vain to make flowers grow upon it and even carried earth in sacks all the way from Sebastopol (6 miles) to try what cd. be done, but it useless labour. In the early spring there is a

carpet of wild flowers, now all is burnt up except a few weeds. . . . I picked some flowers from General Cathcart's grave, for his daughter, now Maid in Honour, and I meant to write to Miss Stanley (of Gros. Square) to ask her to give them to her . . . the sewing up of the sheets answers admirably. The H.'s and I had no fleas because of this, the others never slept all night.

Oh dear, the Americans! but I have not time to detail them. Col. Gowan has undertaken a Contract from the Russian Governt. to raise the sunken ships in the harbour. Out of 50, he has raised 43 and in his 3 years stay here he has voluntarily repaired many of the graveyards and built walls round them. He must have spent several thousand pounds in this.

When he first came to Russia after the peace, he had an interview with the Gd. Duke Constantine, relative to his work. He said to the Gd. Duke, "You have many public works on hand, why does not Your R. Highness employ English Engineers?"

The Gd. Duke answered, "We used to pay thousands annually to English workmen, but now I would not ask an Englishman to draw a rusty nail out of a rotten plank."

Col. G. said he was extremely bitter about the war at first, but was much moderated now.

Col. G. was on the Pier to receive the Emp[eror] when he was here the other day. He was presented and the Emp. thanked him very cordially for his services in clearing the harbour. He was here 2 days, one night he slept at Batchesarai, the other on board his steamer. He went to all the batteries round the town. Col. Gowan said when he looked down on the ruined town from the Malakoff [Tower], a shade passed over his face. He gave orders in that ride that a white marble column should be erected on the 12 batteries with the names of those who fell in them.

It is a daily wonder to Lettie and me that we are so civilly treated, and that no one insults us as we walk about the streets, looking at the ruins.

September 20th.

The 7th anniversary of Alma, and here we are still at anchor. There was a tremendous gale all yesterday and it was impossible to put to sea. Looking back on all the —now—well-known spots, over that bloodstained scene, over the graves of so many thousands of our countrymen, was like leaving them alone—like a solemn parting.

Therapia, September 23rd.

I can scarcely say how thankful I feel to find myself here again. But I will go on regularly. The Princess sent an hour after we landed at Odessa to know if we kept to our engagement of dining with her at 1. It is a beautiful house, with treasures which wd. occupy days to look over. In short, I shd. not have minded a day or two at Odessa if she wd. have asked me to stay with her.

Madame de Chaisieul had come from her hospital to meet us. " J'ai commandé un dîner entièrement Russe " the Pss. said. She was very charming and we talked a good deal about the Crimea, but she carefully avoided every allusion to the war. Never mentioned Sebastapol and about Aloushta, which she has never visited since her husband's death, she spoke in the spirit of a Dowager. We went over the house and the rooms lately used by the Imperial family. Tell Powell (Miss Stanley's maid in London) the Empress's dressing table was flounced with Brussels lace, lined and beaded, with inches of Mauve Tarletan, and the glass had a veil of Brussels lace equally lined.

We were obliged to hurry at last as we were to be on board by 4.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

August 17th.

A FINE, hot sunny day. I watched a combine dealing with a crop under ideal conditions. It's a marvellous machine, but somehow, even in favourable weather, I cannot budget this method of harvesting to beat the binder and threshing out of field, or even ricking the crop. For one thing it seems to me that with the combine the straw becomes a liability instead of what it should be—an asset of no small value—and I have an idea that under certain conditions weed seeds are resown by this method. Still, every new machine in farming has come in for a lot of criticism, but as time has gone on most of them have proved worth while. It may be that in ten years' time we shall all have combines, but I have my doubts.

August 21st.

To-day sees a great lament in the press because, owing to the drought, the prices of most animal feeding-stuffs have risen. This fact is head-lined as ANOTHER BLOW FOR FARMERS. True, very true, but why continue the ridiculous oat duty? Dear grain and cheap feeding-stuffs don't go together. Even farmers cannot expect to have it both ways.

August 22nd.

Last night one of my neighbours gave a straight talk over the microphone to those ill-bred, careless town motorists who, as he put it, "use his farm as a rubbish heap." I must say that he did not mince matters, but just said blunt out how this nuisance affected his farming, and what he thought of those who committed it. That's the only way. These people have thickish hides and no manners or decency.

August 24th.

Milk prices have been settled for a full year from October 1st next on a slightly higher basis than for last year. This is good news for British farming. Our dairy industry is responsible for about one-quarter of the total takings of our farming industry, and for our farmers to know that such a large part of their business is to be at least a possible undertaking for next year will give them hope for the future. I suppose that many townsfolk will jump to the conclusion that these new prices will make every farmer a millionaire. I would have them remember the drought, and realize that owing to it next winter's milk production will be a much more expensive business than last. Besides, more people should recognize that to try to give some stability of price to the largest branches of farming is sound statesmanship. This coming month of October will see the milk supply for 1937 planned, as it is then that the heifer calves which will come into milk production three years hence will be weaned. Farmers *must* look ahead, even if townsfolk can live from day to day, and in all fairness they should be granted sufficient stability of price for their *major* products to enable them to look ahead and plan for the future without being in a blue funk the whole time. A man in that state is usually a bad planner.

August 25th.

I had a letter to-day from a Sussex farmer, which contained the following: "Here in Sussex I don't believe that 5 quarters out of every 100 quarters of the wheat we grow goes into a mill for flour—it is all used for poultry or seed. In my last three years of farming I did not sell a sack of wheat for any other purpose." I should imagine that this is largely true all over the country to-day. The rural mills are shutting down, and the bulk of the flour is milled at the ports.

Still, it does show how much bigger our poultry industry has become.

August 26th.

I have been reading several letters in the papers about the litter broadcast. The majority are all in sympathy with the farmer, but one tried to put the motorist's case. The gist of it was that the main road was noisy—where could the motorist stop for lunch? Farming land was, of course, sacrosanct, but surely the traveller could do as he liked on land merely kept for sporting purposes. My reply is that very little land is kept for that purpose alone, as all land has some farming value, and practically all sport is mixed up with farming. Anyway, who pays the running expenses of land which is kept solely for sport? Very certainly, the passing motorist does not. With those who pay their footing in the countryside for sport or pleasure the countryman has no quarrel, and even with the non-paying visitor who has the courtesy to ask permission to use his land he is usually all too generous. But there's a large number of people who neither pay nor ask permission. Nothing short of penal legislation will teach them manners. Modern education has failed lamentably in that respect.

August 29th.

Yesterday and to-day we have had a lot of rain, and once again I said, "Thank goodness!" At last the countryside is green again, which is the dress which most becomes her. I do not like her in the frock of barren brown which she has been wearing this summer, even though she has trimmed it with charlock and other gaudy colours.

September 1st.

A fair prospect for partridge shooting. Granted, roots are scarce, but in these days there is very little walking up done, so a scarcity of roots does not matter so much.

I have the greatest respect for the partridge when he comes screwing over the down gulleys of Wiltshire, looking more like a starling than anything else. One bird taken well forward then is worth a half-a-dozen brace walked up.

September 7th.

Once again I see that my writings are getting me into hot water. One of my critics whose letter appears in this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, suggests that to-day I must be regretting some of my previous writings which have put forward the argument that both the Wheat Quota and the Oat Duty are not good farming policy for this country. In reply I want to state firmly that I do not regret one word of them, and that every day in every way I become still more convinced that we should develop the perishable product side of our farming industry only, which is big enough, when prosperous, to carry our small proportion of grain at world prices. The great difficulty in any farming policy for this country is to find a common denominator in our farming. In spite of the varied nature of British agriculture, it has one branch common to all districts and one only—*Livestock*. State aid to that branch means a more fertile countryside; State aid to grain-growing means an impoverished countryside.

September 9th.

I've been discussing mechanized grain-growing and combine harvesting and grain-drying with one of my neighbours. He seemed to be attracted by its virtues, while I besought him to go warily in his own farming. Of course, I'm prejudiced, and therefore the usual trade discount must be taken from my arguments, but I finally convinced him by asking him the following two questions. To the most ardent supporter of that system of farming, and especially to my letter-writing critic, I put the same questions. Firstly, if you are a tenant farmer, would

you be at all keen to take a farm where these methods had been carried out by the previous tenant for even so short a period as three years? Secondly, if you are a landowner, would you be at all eager to let one of your farms, especially one in good heart, to anyone who proposed to carry on this system of farming? My friend gave a very definite "No" to both these questions, and so do I. So, I think, will anyone who answers honestly. Our present policy has made this type of farming possible, a type of farming which is bad for the land, for the landlord, for the farmer, for the labourer, and for the nation. To put the other side, I would ask my critics to ask themselves the same two questions, substituting intensive livestock farming for mechanized grain-growing and harvesting, and to notice the difference in their answers.

September 11*th.*

Once again I must needs draw my critic's attention to something which he should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. In the *Morning Post* to-day I read the full report of Sir Daniel Hall's paper on Farming, which he read to the British Association at Aberdeen. The following paragraph was printed in black type :—

> "British farming should concentrate on products which employed labour, demanded skill, and were costly to transport. Imports should be confined to things that could be more cheaply grown elsewhere.
>
> "This meant that we should specialize on meat, milk, and all the range of livestock products, fruit, and vegetables, leaving things like cereals and sugar to be imported."

In ordinary type the report followed on :—

> "The fostering of sugar production from beet had become of doubtful expediency. National wheat growing should not be encouraged to develop beyond its natural boundaries. The farmers in Lincolnshire should not be tempted by artificial prices to put under wheat land that could grow vegetables and other intensive crops, nor should the West Country grazier be tempted to plough up grass to obtain a precarious crop of grain."

And, as far as I am concerned, "That," said John, "is *that*." However, perhaps my critic will now suggest how much Sir Daniel Hall must be regretting his paper of September 10, 1934? The trouble is that so few people make any attempt to think straight about this farming question. The fact that an individual farmer obtains, say, £100 from the Wheat Quota is one thing. Whether that is the best way for the nation to spend £100 on farming is another. I say that it is far from being the best way, and I have yet to be convinced that I am wrong. I was told only the other week that I was a "BF" about farming policy. That may be true, but if it is, what is Sir Daniel Hall?

September 12th.

Since writing the previous note I have taken the trouble to read the reports of Sir Daniel Hall's speech in various newspapers. It is interesting to note the ones which carefully omitted to print the passage which I have quoted from the *Morning Post*. By that omission one is able to value their concern for our farming industry at its proper worth. Surely *hush-hush* shows weakness?

September 14th.

The last few entries in this diary seem to strike a rather bad-tempered note. Surely this weather should make a man cheerful. To-day the countryside was bathed in warm, mellow sunshine, which broke through the September morning mist about 10 a.m. I drove down to Bristol through such a smiling land, a countryside which, in spite of many vicissitudes, has won through once again to September and the close of yet another farming year. What a cheering thought that is! No matter what happens, farming goes on. Still, there was already a hint of autumn showing. The elm trees had lemon patches splashed over them, and soon all the trees will begin to turn colour. But how green was the grass in Somerset!

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

IT is not easy for those who read the foreign news in the British Press to preserve a sense of proportion. The importance of what is happening abroad is too often assessed on its dramatic merits alone, and it is very rarely indeed that any account is given of the historical background. More than one instance of this tendency has occurred during the past few weeks. The situation in the Saar, the position of President Roosevelt, the admission of Russia to the League of Nations, and the prospect of a Franco-Italian understanding, to quote a few examples at random, have all been " featured " in big type for a day or two, as if they were visiting cinema stars, and thereafter ignored. It would appear as if Fleet Street only considered international news of interest when it seemed to herald war or revolution.

It is hardly necessary to stress the danger of this treatment, especially when catering for a public as ignorant of foreign politics as the British. The Press of the Continent, even in those countries where it is subject to a censorship, is not only much better informed, but it keeps its readers constantly in touch with what is taking place, and is not content with a few head-lines whenever the news editor scents a possible crisis. Nine-tenths of the British public is, for reasons into which it is probably better not to enquire, given a wholly inaccurate and wrong-sided view of the international situation. When the next war comes it will in no small measure be due to the Press.

France and Italy.

INCOMPARABLY the best news Europe has heard for many years is that negotiations are in progress between France and Italy for a settlement of their outstanding differences. If an agreement can be reached, a long step will have been taken towards stability on the Continent. At the same time it would be foolish to

ignore the powerful forces at work against an understanding. The *fuorusciti* and the Grand Orient will do everything that they can to prevent it, and they will be aided by all the resources of German diplomacy, as well as by the ineffable M. Benes. Still, Signor Mussolini has ever been the partizan of a Franco-Italian *entente*, as, indeed, has M. Barthou, who now has an opportunity of repairing M. Briand's blunder in always ignoring Italy.

The three main points at issue between the two Latin Powers are compensation for Italy in accordance with the Treaty of London, the status of Italians in Tunis, and the question of naval parity. By the Treaty of London between Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy in April, 1915, it was stipulated that if Great Britain and France augmented their African possessions at the expense of Germany, then Italy was to receive compensation. By virtue of this clause Great Britain ceded Jubaland to Italy in 1924, but France has so far taken no steps to carry out her part of the bargain. This problem is now the more acute since Lybia has been wholly occupied of late years by the Italians, but its frontiers are still ill-defined.

Tunis and Naval Parity

THE Tunisian question is of earlier date. By a treaty in 1868 between Italy and the Bey of Tunis the former acquired most favoured nation rights. This treaty expired in 1896 (Tunis having become a French Protectorate in the interval), and was replaced by another in which Italy recognized the special position of France, and gave up her most favoured nation rights; in return, Italian schools were to be maintained on the *status quo* basis; and Italians were to retain their nationality indefinitely from generation to generation. In September, 1918, this treaty was denounced by the French Government, and has since been renewed every three months.

Tunis has a large Italian, but a small French, population, and this fact has not made for amity between the two peoples. Furthermore, the Italians are not allowed to

increase the number of their schools beyond what it was in 1896, and the result is that the latter are decidedly overcrowded. The prevailing uncertainty has bred a great deal of bad blood, and it is so irritating to both parties that its termination could only be a matter of satisfaction to French and Italians alike.

The Italian demand for naval parity with France is rather the result, than the cause, of the political disagreement between the two Powers. The French reply is that they have two coasts to guard, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, while Italy has only one. The trend of German policy since the accession of the Nazis to power gives point to this contention, and in the changed circumstances of to-day a compromise should not be difficult.

A Letter from Vienna

AN Austrian correspondent writes :—

"Austria is not pledged by any international agreement (treaty, pact, or protocol) to abstain from, hinder, or treat with any foreign country about the restoration of the Habsburgs. The Treaty of St. Germain contains no clause about that. The oft-quoted resolution of the ambassadors, which however has been out of force for a long time, only pronounced against the restoration of the Habsburgs in Hungary, and is not even binding for Hungary; it is only a unilateral declaration of several Powers, and not a two-sided agreement by which Hungary pledged itself to anything. This resolution made in the year 1920 had nothing to do with Austria."

"The belief that the restoration of the Habsburgs would bring about an insurrection of the National Socialists and the workers shows complete ignorance of public feeling in Austria. In February there was a revolt of the Marxists, and in July of the National Socialists, without the question of the Habsburgs coming up at all. I foresee that there will be another revolt in a few months, if and because the Habsburgs have not yet

ascended the throne. This new revolt will see National Socialists and Communists as allies. It is clear that an Emperor, who had not taken any part in the former bloody events, would succeed in pacifying those groups much better than a Government which was compelled to suppress this revolt with strong measures. A blood-filled grave has opened up between the present Government and sections of the population. It is an old experience that the conqueror in a civil war cannot bridge such a moat."

"If the representatives of the British Press would only listen to the people a little, and not derive all their information from a small circle of officials and journalists, they would hear from workers and so-called National Socialists that only the restoration can bring about internal peace. The Austrian National Socialist party consists only to a very small extent of followers of Hitler, but mostly of malcontents of every party, who will not be subjected to the present authority, principally because it seems to them to be arbitrary, unreasonable, and not legitimate. In order to understand this psychology properly it must be remembered that the revolution of November, 1918, had no echo at all in the mass of the population. The Social-Democratic Vienna *Arbeiter-zeitung* could therefore assert with justice that Austria was a 'Republic without Republicans'."

Austria and Europe

"THE opposition of the Little Entente to the restoration of the Habsburgs is based on the fear that the ambition of the Habsburgs will not be satisfied with the limited territory of the Austria and Hungary of to-day. This fear is pure humbug. If Austria and Hungary pursue no policy of revenge and expansion without the Habsburgs, then they will no more do so with the Habsburgs. The period of dynastic wars is really over for ever. If the Little Entente were to make war against Austria and Hungary, or against both countries, the Slovaks, Germans, Croats, and Hungarians

in Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, and Rumania would play a similar part to that of the Czechs in the Austro-Hungarian army at the close of the world war."

"I am convinced that the Little Entente will put up with the restoration of the Habsburgs if the Great Powers take the side of justice. Italy has already done so—it is now for public opinion in England and France not to stand back. Justice is the claim of Austria and Hungary to an unmolested settlement of their internal affairs, and injustice the interference of other States in these matters. If the Great Powers think they can prove by our experience how many civil wars a State can endure, then this martyred Austria may lose patience, and try how matters would be under the yoke of Hitler. If that causes a European war to break out, then Austria can be indifferent to it. If we are to wade through a sea of blood every few months because of the passive guilt of the Great Powers, then why not the whole world?"

The German Situation

AMID the innumerable comments that are being made concerning the new regime in Germany one has so far been lacking, and it is that the most unpolitical people in Europe have adopted the most difficult form of government to work, namely an elective monarchy. It was the realization of this fact which led Napoleon I. to transform the Consulate into the Empire. It is true that both Poland and Venice come within the same category, but the one broke up in anarchy, while in the other the Doge soon ceased to be more than a mere figure-head. The Roman Empire in fact, if not in theory, was an elective monarchy, but it was tempered by adoption, assassination, and the Praetorian Guard.

At the same time it is in the old German tradition, for the Holy Roman Empire was elective, and so was the Gothic monarchy before it, though the choice was in practice generally limited to one family. Before the Nazis came into power, one of their most prominent

leaders told the present writer that they might well solve the constitutional problem by reverting to the practice of the Middle Ages. In this connection it is not without interest to note that many Germans consider the Imperial throne, to which Wilhelm I. was elected at Versailles in 1871, to be vacant since the abdication of Wilhelm II. and the Crown Prince. Nevertheless, whatever the legal arguments may be, history shows an elective monarchy to be almost impracticable. The Papacy is the exception which proves the rule.

Venizelos and Greece

IT is high time that the debunking of Venizelos was seriously taken in hand. This discredited politician never arrives on our shores without innumerable references to him in the Popular Press as the man who rendered the greatest services to the Allies in the war. Whether or not this is true (and it is a very arguable proposition) is beside the point, for his duty was not to the Allies, but to his own fellow-countrymen, whom he betrayed, and whose wishes, when they conflicted with his own, he ignored. What Venizelos has effected for Greece during his long public career has been to undo the work of King George I. and King Constantine, with the result that she counts for less in the world to-day than she did twenty years ago.

Those who are so lavish in their praise of the "great Cretan" conveniently forget that he did not hesitate to use foreign troops against his own King, and that when that monarch died in exile Venizelos callously refused to allow his son and heir to fly the flag at the palace at half-mast. The truth is that throughout his career he has intrigued with the Powers to further his own ends, and one consequence of his tactics was that, in 1922, Great Britain came within an ace of being involved in war with Turkey. A few years ago there appeared a book (*The Tragedy of Greece* by S. P. P. Cosmetatos) which those who are so ecstatic about Venizelos should read, for the charges in it have never been answered.

The United States

IT is not easy to see the wood for the trees at the present time where American politics are concerned, but one thing does appear certain, and it is that the President's position is unshaken. He may have Big Business and Wall Street against him, but that not unnaturally recommends him to the small man. Mr. Roosevelt's success in the Maine election was significant, and has confounded those who were declaring that he is losing his hold. All the indications are that the American people are as solidly behind him as they were two years ago. His advisers may blunder, but when they do he, like Signor Mussolini, gets rid of them; unlike our own Prime Minister, whose colleagues' mistakes seem to recommend them to him the more.

At the same time, the old parties are clearly in the melting-pot, and the next big fight will probably be between the Liberty League and those who are now gathering round the President. The name of the former organization would appear to be a misnomer, for it is the instrument of Big Business, which in the heyday of its power under Coolidge and Hoover took away from the Americans the little liberty that the Puritans had left them. It is now hoping to use the economic crisis, for which it is responsible, as a stick to beat the man who is trying to put matters right.

Geneva in Wonderland.

THE atmosphere of the League of Nations becomes "curiouser and curiouser," and the circumstances attending the admission of Russia cause one to rub one's eyes to make sure that one is awake. Let it be frankly admitted that since the Soviets exist they may as well be in the League as outside it; that is to say, they can do no more mischief (for there is none they have not already done) in the former capacity than in the latter, but this is no reason for welcoming their membership with such unseemly delight. The Powers would be well

advised to dissemble their joy over the sinner, until they are quite sure that he is repentant.

Before, however, pressing the Bolshevists to their bosoms, the representatives of the Great Powers found time to hold up their hands in horror because Poland refused any longer to be bound, in respect of its minorities, by conditions to which none of them would have submitted for a moment. Russia stands in the world to-day as the embodiment of all that is evil, and she has broken her pledged word on every possible occasion. Poland is the outpost of Christian civilization in a wilderness of barbarism, and her recovery since the war has been one of the few satisfactory features of the last fifteen years. The difference of treatment meted out at Geneva to the two nations is the sort of thing that makes the League stink in the nostrils of all honest men and women, and that the British Government should have taken the lead in it is the most shameful part of the business.

LITERARY · SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

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Literary Notes

Somerset Maugham.

MESSRS. HEINEMANN are issuing, at three and six a volume, a beautifully printed and well-bound edition of Somerset Maugham's works. Each volume has the further attraction of an introduction by Somerset Maugham, in which he explains the origin of the book in question and the circumstances in which it was written.

In his youth, Mr. Maugham tells us, he was influenced by Ibsen—" The plays that I wrote between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one ruthlessly delved into the secrets of the human soul; few of my characters but suffered from a fatal or a venereal disease, and since I was studying medicine I was able to go into some very elegant detail." The depressing tone of Mr. Maugham's earlier books seems, however, in spite of the exaggeration due to youthful imitativeness, to represent his natural feeling

about life. In his later books, partly owing to his success and partly to his impressionability by the mood of the age, he has echoed the note of conscientious paganism struck by a number of post-war writers, among whom the man of most genius has been D. H. Lawrence and the man of most talent Aldous Huxley. But the joy of life which he affirms from time to time is not contagious, and the reader experiences a slight shock when some such phrase as " this enchanting world " disturbs the smooth current of Mr. Maugham's narrative. Mr. Stiggins, in Pickwick, after saying " All taps is vanities," adds—" If there is any one of them less odious than another, it is the liquor called rum—warm, my dear young friend, with three lumps of sugar to the tumbler." There can be no question that of the two extremists, the one who is committed to the view that this world is a vale of tears and the one who is committed to the view that this world is a carnival of enjoyment, the first gets most happiness out of life. To make a duty of pleasure is to make melancholy one's recreation.

Writing from a standpoint which has been adopted with care, and which does not reflect his instinctive feeling about life, Mr. Maugham has spoiled much of his best work with an intrusion of false sentiment. In the Victorian novels a woman was happy if she was faithful to her husband. In Mr. Maugham's " Cakes and Ale," Rosie, the heroine, is happy because she is unfaithful to her husband. One of the persons in the story says of her—" She gave herself as naturally as the sun gives heat or the flowers their perfume. It was a pleasure to her and she liked to give pleasure to others. It had no effect on her character; she remained sincere, unspoiled and artless." Another of the characters, present when this tribute is being paid, is curious about the effect on Rosie's husband of Rosie's sunny largesse. In order to carry his point that a wife can be promiscuous without hurting her husband and thus blemishing her flower-like charm, Mr. Maugham has to deny Rosie the power to inspire love—

"You see, she wasn't a woman who ever inspired love. Only affection. It was absurd to be jealous over her." A woman over whom it is absurd to be jealous is a woman whom it is absurd to make the central figure of a novel, unless the novel is intended to be merely an anodyne for persons dissatisfied with the nature of life.

Mr. Maugham has many of the qualities of a great novelist, but he lacks the energy of temperament.

Wilfred Ewart.

THE capacity to record facts and feelings without any distortion does not imply the possession of genius, but it is almost as rare. The late Wilfred Ewart, whose account of his war experiences has recently appeared ("Scots Guard": Rich and Cowan, 9s.) had this capacity in a remarkable degree. His account of Neuve Chapelle is worth comparing with Stendhal's account of the battle of Waterloo. There is an imaginative unity in Stendhal which Ewart lacks, but Ewart is as successful as Stendhal in conveying the narcotised sense of reality during an action. There is no affectation in Ewart either of heroism or the reverse. He is pleased when he goes on leave, or is in hospital, but he takes his return to the front line in a matter-of-fact spirit. The deepest emotion in this book is his disgust at an East Anglian seaside resort, and it is characteristic of his calm acceptance of his feelings that he makes no attempt to soften his disgust in order to avert the suspicion that he is lacking in humanity—"In company with their deplorable wives and their innumerable children, in consort with the commercial travellers and the baser spirits of the little town, they proceeded to create a disastrous nocturne compounded of whiskey and billiards and tall stories and bad jokes. They were the sort of men one would like to drown in a butt of beer-leavings." Ewart was accidentally shot in Mexico by a reveller. He had come out on to the balcony of his hotel to see what the merry-making was about, and a stray bullet hit him.

Voltaire—Gentleman

MUCH expectation of enjoyment is not likely to be aroused by such a title as "A Minor Augustan: The Life and Works of George, Lord Lyttelton: 1709–1773," by Ananda Vittal Rao (Calcutta, The Book Company, 12s. 6d.). Yet, though not himself very interesting, Lord Lyttelton knew most of the great writers of the eighteenth century, and Mr. Rao has made excellent use of Lyttelton's contacts with more electric temperaments than his own. Lord Chesterfield was accustomed to hold Lyttelton up to his son as a model of what to avoid in social deportment —"His legs and arms," Chesterfield wrote—"by his awkward arrangement of them seem to have undergone the *question extraordinaire;* and his head, always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders, seems to have received the first stroke upon the block." With this picture of Lyttelton before one, one understands more fully the annoyance of Johnson at Lyttelton being preferred to himself by Miss Hill Boothby.

Among many good stories in this book the best is of Voltaire's vexation when Lyttelton referred to his exile at Ferney. Voltaire, the scourge of kings and liberator of the human spirit, explained at some length that Ferney was really in France, and, after informing Lyttelton that he had procured passports for English noblemen from the King of France, signed himself—"Gentleman of the King's Chamber, At my Castle of Ferney in Burgundy."

Miscellaneous

MISS MARION SCOTT has contributed a volume on Beethoven to the series of Master Musicians, edited by Mr. Eric Blom (Dent, 4s. 6d.). Describing Beethoven's birthplace, Miss Scott writes: "Now, as then, the Seven Mountains show their lovely contours against the south-eastern sky, and the great Rhine pours northward swift from Switzerland." Beethoven's life is

so interesting that anyone unacquainted with it will find Miss Scott's volume worth glancing through, but it would be useless to pretend that Beethoven can be adequately interpreted by someone who is thrilled by the reflection that in the interval since Beethoven's birth the Seven Mountains have not shifted to the north-west of Bonn, nor the Rhine retreated capriciously towards Switzerland.

"To Portugal" by Douglas Goldring (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.) is not only an excellent account of the country from the descriptive, historical and literary standpoints, but also contains full notes on Portuguese hotels, food and methods of transport. Mr. Goldring has the rare gift of blending practical information and æsthetic and critical remarks in an attractive whole. In his introduction to this record of his latest voyage, he tells us that he was not embarrassed in his exploration of Portugal by having free travel and lodging thrust upon him by interested persons. It is to be hoped that his good luck in this respect will hold on his next voyage of discovery.

Elinor Wylie

THE NOVELS OF ELINOR WYLIE. (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d.)

ELINOR WYLIE, who died in 1928 at the early age of forty-one was an American novelist who derived her inspiration entirely from the old world, from Europe. Perhaps for this reason, given her ability, she has a distinguished niche in the literary heritage of both continents. That sounds a harsh way of putting it; but can it be denied that those American authors who have not been ashamed of their European tradition have, hitherto, deserved better of posterity than those who have striven to be most American, most local, most "new"? That these Anglophile authors have also shown some preference for European character and subjects is no theory to be argued. It is a fact to be observed, and the inference appears to be that American genius still finds its nourishment in European literature though we all hope it may extend that range and enrich that

variety. The marked preference of Mrs. Wylie for the European scene, particularly for the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, seems happily not to have prejudiced her in the eyes of her discerning countrymen, but her taste for that remote atmosphere, and her delight in the past, presumably limited her audience, though this taste was so perfect that no contrasts are drawn. She did not recoil from the present. In her books she seemed unaware of its existence.

Her four novels, however, prove that there was more to her than dandyism. She was beginning to show a variety of invention that the literary dandy usually lacks. In subject she advanced in her last book toward the middle of the past century, and there is no proof that her faculty was exhausted. The four American critics, who introduce her four novels in this volume, perhaps overpraise her. If so, this is not that high praise should be grudged to her, but that preciser definition should be found. She began with " Jennifer Lorn," one of the most precocious first novels ever written, for within its set limits it is an achievement and mature. The hero is a successful young Nabob of the eighteenth century, as " perfect " in taste, diplomacy, personal beauty, and wealth as a cameo, and as cold. He marries, after one glance of approval, the most beautiful girl alive, carries her to Paris, to India, and to Persia, meets some picturesque adventures, and is widowed. Just as there is no love in any of her stories, there is no feeling, and little humanity, in this. But the jewelled style, which carries the reader as in an ornate palanquin, never falters.

Her next story, and all four were written during her last eight years of life, was actually called " The Venetian Glass Nephew." Its hero is, literally, blown from such glass by white magic to gratify an innocent old cardinal who in the flesh has only nieces. This, too, is a glittering tissue of pictures. Venice in the eighteenth century, the Venice of Casanova and Carlo Gozzi, is its carefully imagined background, but the story leaves the cardinal, whose relations with the artificial nephew we hope to watch, for the nephew's love affair with a girl who has to be changed into porcelain—nature to yield to art—before she can accomodate herself to him. I cannot think that the fable deeply engaged its author, but rather that one fancy developed into its counterpart, and that the whole was an excuse for the bubble of many colours that she blew. After this, you might dismiss her as an eccentric—but her style

had strength as well as colour. She interests you in her mind and in her world.

With her third novel, "The Orphan Angel," she breaks new ground, and the style changes with the subject. Imagining that Shelley, her poetic idol, escapes drowning, she makes him, under the name of Shiloh, to be rescued, takes him to America and sends him with a simple, dog-like sailor friend across the continent in quest of a girl of whom the sailor is in search. Americans declare her picture of the country at that time to be true. His character is charmingly suggested; though was it in character to leave him entirely unaffected by the beautiful women who fell in love with him on his way; and can we be sure that he would never have adopted some "cause" or other? Shelley is left in love with Liberty, which here means with wandering, and the gravity and purpose in his character are ignored. Shiloh, however, is an invention. He lives in his own charming right.

How much humanity she had remains uncertain, for her last novel, "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," a weaker epilogue to "The Orphan Angel," has once more an extreme type. Mr. Hazard, a waif of a man surviving from the days of Shelley and Byron, is a romantic failure; a study of distinction reversed. He returns to England in the thirties, finds himself a ghost in the drawing-rooms, retires to the country and is kindly patronized by a lady and her two girls who contrive to pity him without making him unduly sensible of this. Nothing happens except within his mind, which is both sensitive and self-critical, until the lady's tutor, Mr. Hodge, a coarse, keen, highly unromantic member of the rising middle class, snubs Mr. Hazard who then flies from his harbour of refuge, bearing however the honours of his last encounter with the man. The inference is that Elinor Wylie would probably have added to her gallery of special types, but would never have passed beyond it into the main stream of human beings, and to take that step is the mark of major novelists the world over.

She remains, then, a novelist of distinction, with a secure niche of her own, whose invention, whose form, and whose style are of a high order. She aimed at a perfection and she reached it. To have her four volumes under one cover * is a possession :

* The Novels of Elinor Wylie: (1) "Jennifer Lorn"; (2) "The Venetian Glass Nephew"; (3) "The Orphan Angel"; (4) "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard." 774 pages. (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d.)

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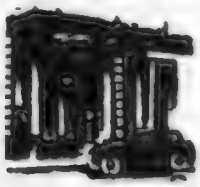

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one so interesting that I hope her poems may follow with an introduction long enough to gratify our natural curiosity about Elinor Wylie and the outline of her life. Did she really gain all her knowledge of Europe from her reading? Did she really write English so well because, in the scholastic sense, she learnt it as a stranger? One prefacer says that she was very like her books, all of a piece. If so, how did she maintain that integrity, for the conditions that England is increasingly sharing with America prove that integrity is the last thing to survive in such conditions? Some biographical information is aesthetically called for.

OSBERT BURDETT.

A German Thersites

THE BERLIN DIARIES. The Private Journals of a General in the German War Ministry, revealing the Secret Intrigue and Political Barratry of 1932–33. Edited by Dr. HELMUT KLOTZ. (Jarrolds, 1934. 288 pages roy. qto. 18s.)

THE tendencious sub-title of this important book detracts from its value as a commentary on public events. "Barratry" connotes the purchase or sale of ecclesiastical or state offices, the acceptance of bribes, the sinking of a ship or embezzlement of a cargo by the crew, or vexatious persistence in litigation. Of such crime the writer of the diary has nothing to say.

The editor's foreword is dated Paris, September 22, 1933, but a letter of July 3, 1934 to his publishers, printed after the Introduction by Mr. Mowrer, brings the record up to date by revealing that the late General von Schleicher was in close touch with Dr. Helmut Klotz, that "he influenced to some extent specific parts of the Diaries" and that though the initiative did not come from him "he raised no objection to the plan of editing and publishing." Dr. Klotz adds that the publication of the Diaries in Prague was followed, very naturally, by official investigations against various officers in which innocent men were doubtless, as must always happen in such cases, inculpated.

The Diaries are important, and clearly authentic, though the manner in which they have been manipulated in order to secure anonymity deprives them of high evidential value.

The first pages begin with the declaration that Parliamentary Government was, in May 1932, already dead, thanks to "the united efforts of all men in power since 1919, of Herr Hitler and

the victors of Versailles." The Social Democrats and Christian Trade Unions, bloodless and impotent descendents of Bebel, scared by the moderate success of Hitler at the election of September 1930, committed suicide with an obstinacy worthy of a better cause. They were sickeningly tolerant, and slowly but surely dissipated what remained of their authority until their 'policy' made inevitable the advent of Hitler." Thus does history, without repeating itself, repeat the same lesson. Let us in Great Britain apply it to our own case. The aged author of the Diaries has the mind of a jaundiced valet: he had no use for Brüning, no respect for Hindenburg, no confidence in von Papen. Schleicher appears from the first as the determined enemy of Hitler and of his party—" the brown louts " of the splenetic diarist who, however, is equally scornful of " the dolts in the Wilhelmstrasse," whom they sought to supersede. Von Papen is a " farceur who stinks of money ": his wife holds a brilliant but vapid court, at which General Goering appears—" a disgusting swaggerer, pushing and importunate, with a certain gift for oratory." Schleicher boasts that he is the man " who for years has pulled the strings of German politics from behind the scenes, confused them, disentangled them and confused them anew "—a man without gratitude or human feelings, casting off his friends when they have served his turn, resolved only to keep the Nazis under Hitler, " with his consumptive money-bags " out of power.

Klausener, who, according to one high authority known personally to the reviewer, committed suicide on June 30, but according to popular report was shot, in his office, is described as—" head of the police department, an impossible and curiously unsympathetic figure, who 'believes' out of expediency."

The diarist is an aristocrat, but when he writes of the upper ten, he dips his pen in gall. " If intrigue were a deadly disease then East Prussia would soon be ripe for colonization and the highest death-rate would be among the neighbours of Hindenburg, on his Neudeck estate," the small bankrupt manor of poor boggy soil on which his collateral ancestors had lived for centuries. " The idiots of November 1918 should have hung the whole crew—a crime of omission by the Socialists which should be punished by the death penalty."

The stage, was, in fact, clearly set before these diaries for the advent of a man of courage who could appeal to the people. Hitler appears in person in June 1932 " just as devastating as

he always has been. Machine guns are the only language he could really understand. To speak this requires good nerves and courage to co-operate with the workers. And nobody in high office has that nerve and that courage." Small wonder that Hitler was becoming popular and was winning sympathy in unexpected quarters and that the diarist " simply cannot understand the world any longer. Something has got to happen. Power which has been vilified so much, has become primary again "—A true saying. Again and again he returns to his theme. " The faithful rank and file—joyously prepared for any intervention, but their leaders half dead with fear," squandering the faith of their men. We read at pages 81 and 182 the usual boast about the latest Red Cross gas, produced by Dr. Stoltzenburg at Hamburg, cheaper than any other, twenty-nine times as effective as England's, twenty-six times as effective as that of France, which can be made so quickly that no reserves need be kept. Dr. Stoltzenburg is a well-known expert and his publicly recorded views and patents have received such publicity from Mr. Wickham Steed that it is only necessary to say here that in his own view " practical men are by no means unanimous upon the value of the combination of air craft with poison." And he has much to say of the new tanks (p. 182).

At page 88 we are told that the existence of Prussia and the Reich as parallel governments is the chief obstacle in the path of German recovery. Again, those who are flirting with Scottish Nationalist ideas may well ponder on the application to our own affair of the lessons of German post war politics.

Roehm appears in the character in which he is now familiar to the world, his proclivities having been publicly exposed, in July 1932, by a political journalist and he himself failing to appear in Court to prosecute his accuser (it was announced by Goering himself a few months later that Roehm was to be sent into the wilderness.) Roehm, says the diarist, was confident of victory but " comradely feeling in the Hitler camp does not seem to be very cordial." The remark as here recorded is inconsequent, and suggests editorial omissions.

Goebbels too, appears; " Physically a dwarf, intellectually a giant—but only in the art of destruction. Such cripples should not be given power . . . . they hate all that is sound and natural simply because it has been denied them by fate." On reading the passage the present reviewer turned to Leviticus XXI, 16.

" And the Lord spake unto Moses saying . . . Whosoever

. . . . hath a blemish, let him not approach to offer bread of his God . . . . a blind man, or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose or any thing superfluous, or a man that is broken-footed or broken-handed, or crookbackt or a dwarf . . . . He shall eat of the bread of his God . . . . only shall he not go in unto the vail."

Schacht " considers the mark bankrupt and beyond salvation, the only question was how long the fact could be kept secret" (July 29, 1932).

The Second Part of the Diaries commences on August 1, 1932, with the new situation created by the July election. " Parliamentarianism has landed at last in the impasse it has sought. There is no majority in the Reichstag capable of forming a Government, consequently Germany must be ruled behind the back of the Reichstag. Hitler is rapturous over his 230 deputies. The Communists are the real victors, with 750,000 new voters and 90 deputies behind—not sheep but active fighters—resolute and prepared for battle."

Already in August 1932 the diarist is anxious about the Saar. " Our New German policy is literally driving the Saar worker into the French or, at least the autonomist camps. To-day the Saarlanders are being courted, but what of to-morrow? We could exist without the Saar, while the province is essential to France at least as an autonomous country independent of Germany. Yet on military grounds the Saar triangle is indispensable to us . . . . Autonomy seems the most probable solution and best for the Saarlander, but calamitous for us, but . . . the French luckily have no man within sight to organize this German province. The best guarantee of peace, even for France, is an invincible German army."

A few days later, on August 13, 1932, the Old Gentleman's spirits revive " A heart uplifting day. Hitler has been given the order of the boot as never before." He describes Hitler's interview with the President. " The Old Gentleman's aversion to the Austrian corporal, the gutter revolutionist, was almost unsurmountable. Hitler has grown small and pitiable: his nerves have completely broken down." Less than a year later Hindenburg wrote his political testament in which Herr Hitler was by inference made the guardian of the principle of monarchy!

" My Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, and his movement contributed a decisive step of historic importance in the great aim of leading the German people together, above all differences of caste and

class, to inward unity. I know how much remains to be done, and I wish from my heart that behind the act of the national uprising and of the national unification the act of reconciliation may stand, which will comprise the whole German Fatherland."

"But for the madness of Versailles," writes the diarist, "the madness of Hitler would have been impossible. The French are being forced to reap what they have sown," but he does not seem to realize that from his own day to day record Hitler alone had the perseverence and patience to seek power and to fortify himself to retain it when secured. "Hitler" (January 29) "wants all or nothing—a dictatorial Cabinet of Nazis only—and the dissolution of the Reichstag." The next day brings us to the end of the Diaries "never has a so-called revolutionary insinuated himself into power in more wretched fashion. All is over. Hitler is Chancellor."

It need only be added in conclusion that nowhere in these pages is there any suggestion of an alternative form of government, or of other or better national leaders

"Weak men," sang Pindar two thousand years ago, "a State may shake, but 'twere a giant's task to make secure the shaken State again, unless the kindly gods should guide for mortal hand the ruling rein." Power has of necessity become primary again and not only in Germany.

ARNOLD WILSON.

Torrington Diaries

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES, CONTAINING THE TOURS THROUGH ENGLAND AND WALES OF THE HON. JOHN BYNG (LATER FIFTH VISCOUNT TORRINGTON) BETWEEN THE YEARS 1781 AND 1794. Edited, with an introduction, by C. BRUYN ANDREWS and with a general introduction by JOHN BERESFORD. Volume One. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.)

THE fifth Viscount Torrington, at the time when he began to write his diaries, was a retired Colonel of the Guards with a job in the Inland Revenue at Somerset House. His "early days," as he puts it, "were spent in Camps, His latter days were pass'd at Stamps." His rural rides, of which he kept these admirably detailed and documented journals, took place during his summer holidays.

It has been said that we only get from travel what we bring to it. Fortunately, for the present-day reader, Byng brought

to his excursions a well-stocked mind, a liking for Gothic architecture, old castles and all " ancient monuments," a talent for versifying and water-colour drawing, an eye for scenery and landscape gardening, a warm interest in his fellow men and a deep-rooted love for his native land. He had all the essentials of the good diarist in that he eschewed fine writing, recorded the day's happenings exactly as they occurred and even preserved his theatre and regatta programmes and his bills. He is careful to note the treatment that he receives at all the inns where he puts up, states what he ate and what he drank, describes the condition of the countryside through which he passed, the people he met, the houses he visited, the ruins which he examined with an antiquary's zeal and the beautiful prospects which pleased his artist's eye. He has no political axe to grind and since, in his fortunate day, wars were fought exclusively by soldiers and sailors and " deeds that won the Empire " accomplished by a numerically small class of professional men, of whose exploits most of their compatriots heard little, his pages are untroubled by echoes from the outside world. Byng was an enlightened reactionary and, like most men of his type, would have preferred to have been born at least half a century earlier, in the good old days. In the England of his time, which for the privileged classes, seems to us like a golden age of taste, artistic accomplishment, scholarship, social graces, leisure and good living, he found much to deplore. Being a man of sensibility, he suffered when he came in contact with starved and ague-stricken peasants; and it enraged him to hear Manchester merchants, " the most forward against the Slave Trade," congratulating themselves on being able to purchase consignments of English pauper children at so much the half-score.

On the subject of landscape design he held the views which, to the lasting glory of England, were generally shared by the men of property of his day. " To suppose a place at first nobly grand—as nature gave it—it shou'd be all wood and water; and then taste shou'd cautiously scoop out the glades and thin the lawns: therefore no man can plant too much; let him cover his ground with trees, and he will then best see where to open views."

At the time when Byng began his excursions he was already a middle-aged man. " I am but very puny in my feels " he admits, " and begin seriously to think I am too infirm to hazard

bad beds, and travelling misfortunes: however, I will keep the field as long as possible, and endeavour to make a handsome retreat . . . ." He kept it for another ten years, during which he filled over twenty MS. volumes, of which all but two have been recovered.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

Napoleon III

CONVERSATIONS WITH NAPOLEON III. By SIR VICTOR WELLESLEY AND ROBERT SENCOURT. (Ernest Benn.)

THIS highly important correspondence, following on Mr. Sencourt's arresting "Napoleon the Modern Emperor," is published at an appropriate moment in world politics, since it covers the period out of which the present dangerous situation arose. As Sir Victor Wellesley, in his illuminating introduction, remarks: "How different would have been the course of history had Louis Napoleon, instead of sympathizing with the Prussian aspirations which ultimately led to his destruction, intervened on the side of Denmark in 1864 and of Austria in 1866!" This reflection comes with peculiar poignancy, with almost a sigh of despair, in this blue autumn of 1934, when once again that evil upstart creation of Bismarck's, Prussia-Germany, is threatening the roots of our ancient civilization, not to speak of the lives of millions. The correspondence now published has therefore an interest for considerably wider circles than mere students of political history. That it throws any particularly new light on the times with which it deals may be questioned by the expert historian. But the general reader will find in it the re-creation of an atmosphere in which the prologue to the drama of our days was enacted.

The letters fall into two main sections, that devoted to the Crimean War, and that to the French intervention in Italian and Germanic affairs. Throughout both periods Lord Cowley, our Ambassador in Paris, possessed, though in a diminishing degree, the confidence of Napoleon, and, being a diplomatist of urbane judgment, was able to estimate and portray the workings of the Emperor's mind. That mind was enigmatic, unequal, adventurous, not devoid of sincerity, tied by, but anxious to be rid of, earlier inconvenient associations, lacking in real constructive statesmanship, in foresight, in decision, in coherence, but modern,

enterprising, intriguing, romantic, to some extent even naive. Certainly it was no match for Bismarck's, where intrigue was concerned, and Napoleon was out-manœuvred at every turn by that arch-Machiavelli. Lord Cowley sized him up perfectly well, but the Government which he served were as unwilling, or as impotent, to take advantage of his admonitions as their modern successors have been, or are, blind to the trend of European developments. He had at least vision to write on 30 July, 1866, "I do not think the future is a pleasant look-out for England. I have no faith in the friendship of Prussia, and if ever she becomes a naval power she will give us trouble." As we know, Palmerston, alone of his colleagues, recognized the prophetic character of the Danish War, which was nothing less than a turning-point in European history. Had Great Britain and France but acted together in that momentous year, we should be living in a very different Europe to-day. But independent action by one or other country was as useless then as now. England no less than France must bear the responsibility, but, even without England's help, a little more wisdom, stability and loyalty on Napoleon's part, especially in his later dealings with Austria, combined with an earlier understanding of the real aims of Prussia, might have saved the situation. Wobble is powerless before resolution, and the whole character of Napoleon as disclosed in the letters before us is distinguished by his temperamental inability to go straight ahead through the cross-currents that brought him eventually to his ruin.

Not the least important chapter in this volume is the introductory essay by Sir Victor Wellesley on Old and New Diplomacy. The reign of Napoleon III, he interestingly shows, was the starting point of the latter, and he goes on to trace the development, not only of the centralization of authority in London, but of the purely political into the complex political, economic and financial that characterizes the diplomatic problems of to-day. "There is now," he writes, "scarcely any form of human activity which does not in some measure enter into the mosaic of Foreign Affairs." These considerations point naturally to the need of far-reaching reform in our methods, and not the least the necessity for a single direction controlling all the factors and precluding a repetition of the unfortunate distribution of responsibility, owing to the technical nature of specific problems, that has marred so much of our policy since the war. The control of Foreign Affairs in all their

aspects must irrevocably be centred at the Foreign Office, but a Foreign Office with a staff of advisers more universally trained than has been the case hitherto. At the same time, it would be a mistake to assume that the personal element abroad, in spite of the intensified telegraphic instructions from home, has lost all its value. It is true that diplomatic representatives have no longer to deal with Courts and Court Societies, but rather with a new political class which is nowadays usually anything but blue-blooded. Thus the Lord Cowleys of old, though there is much to be said on the other side, are perhaps not necessarily the most appropriate diplomatic types for modern conditions. Nevertheless, there is still scope for Ambassadors and Ministers who are peculiarly gifted to exercise a strong personal influence on the foreign politicians with whom they have to deal, and the atmosphere which they can create in those dealings remains a very potent factor in carrying through a successful mission.

J. D. GREGORY.

An Essay in Untruth

RUSSIA REPORTED. By WALTER DURANTY. (Gollancz. 5s.)

THE messages of foreign correspondents, like the speeches of politicians, are soon out of date. They belong to the moment, and, reproduced after the events with which they deal have sorted themselves out, revealed their relationship to one another, seem as remote and inconsequential as old music-hall jokes. Mr. Duranty has ventured to publish a selected collection of his messages from Moscow to the *New York Times*, some of them dating back as early as 1921. The messages have, it is true, been rather carefully selected. There are notable omissions, as, for instance, Mr. Duranty's well-known justification of the expulsion of his friend Herr Paul Scheffer from Russia. Yet, even to readers who know little or nothing about the Soviet régime, "Russia Reported" will seem to belong to the past, to have no more than the sentimental interest of ancient photographs piously preserved in a family album.

Apart altogether from the Soviet régime, however, the book has a certain interest. If it tells little about Russia, it tells a great deal about Mr. Duranty. Like "Gulliver's Travels," it is a fantasy which holds together once you accept the fact of Lillipu-

tians—in this case, of a purposive Bolshevik mind which has inherited the Tzar's fatherhood, and pursues its exalted way towards a classless, socialist society.

Starting from such an assumption (he did not, as he explains, see the light at once), Mr. Duranty pieces together the bestial chaos of the Soviet régime into a harmonious whole, finding nice names—as "construction camps" for "concentration camps"—for hideous realities, and translating famine and terror into agreeably exciting columns of journalese likely to suit the palate of readers of the *New York Times*. He leans towards the Tough Guy rather than the projected humanitarian attitude. His favourite metaphor is one about omelettes and cracking eggs; nor does he bother, like his Liberal prototypes (Mr. Brailsford, say), to prove that the eggs are little ones. Rather, he concentrates on showing them to be bad eggs that had to be cracked; though even readers of the *New York Times* might have been expected to wonder, if this was the case, where the omelette came in.

I shall never forget Mr. Duranty. There was something fantastic, fairy-like about the spectacle of him dancing his Roger de Coverley hand in hand with the Bolshevik bosses on a prostrate Russia. How jauntily the dance proceeded! What spirit in the steps and capers! And no confusion. No flagging. If, occasionally, a dancer withdrew, the figure did not suffer. Still a partner to bow to, still hands outstretched for a giddy twirl, still the dance going merrily on.

"Russia Reported" is the dance. Nothing is missed out except the hundred and sixty million or so people who happen to inhabit Russia, the so many square miles of earth of which Russia happens to consist, the instincts and traditions and beliefs which, acting over centuries, happen to have given such and such a form to the lives of these hundred and sixty million or so people on their so many square miles of earth. "Here on my right, Joseph V. Stalin, the Big Boy of Bolshevism; on my left . . . I scarcely know what is on my left. Perhaps Joseph V.'s shadow. Or a kulak. Or a wrecker. Or a hundred and sixty million or so people." Thus the little referee-newsman announces the fight; then proceeds to describe it, round by round, with the Big Boy of Bolshevism winning on points, on a knock-out, on everything you can win on.

The remarkable thing is that Mr. Duranty has—to use one of

his favourite expressions—"gotten away with it." Readers of the *New York Times* adore him; the Brain Trust and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat have lain down together, and Mr. Duranty has led them; his name is honoured amongst the righteous in all parts of the world. In these circumstances, does not the dust-cover of "Russia Reported" show unusual moderation in describing the book as a "supreme triumph of modern reporting"?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

Fiction

THE LONELY LADY OF DULWICH. By MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 5s.).

THIS LITTLE WORLD. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).

THESE two novels make a beautiful artistic contrast. Each is good of its kind, but the kinds are as distinct as France from England. Not only in size, but in temper, Mr. Baring's short novel derives from the French *conte*, a term for which we have no exact equivalent since the English word "tale" has lost what it ever had of precise meaning. In the *conte* you have pure narrative; everything but the essential is cut out; the movement is the melody of narrative without any harmonics, and yet, so integrated is the simple and sufficing tune that it seems to give you everything. As in early music, under the spell of it you feel that the *conte* is the perfection of the tale: that the summit of beauty is simplicity. We have rarely sought this beauty in English story-telling. It has become identified with French lucidity and French charm. To meet it in English has become a surprise, a surprise with the oddity of something foreign—like very good cooking in an English hotel. The English genius, never very happy in prose narrative, is too untidy to delight in it.

Our tradition, so far as there is one in the English novel, is discursive, the opposite of this. It inclines to a large canvas, to ample detail, to a sprawling story, and its life, for the most part, is concentrated in the parts, is careless of the whole. From Falstaff to Dickens there are no more expansive, no huger individuals than you find in English novels. The story is but the excuse for their display. The novelist is indifferent to the drama in which they move. The shape of his story means nothing to him, the vitality of his characters is everything, and—among

these characters—the scene, whether in town or country. Consequently, we are generally bad storytellers, but good improvisers, and prefer everything else to unity of effect. The interesting exceptions to this rule are few: those who, accepting luxuriance of ingredient, endeavour to integrate the parts into a coherent but diversified picture. These writers are like the Establishment, with no fewer than thirty-nine Articles, but with these counter-checked into a middle way. To such practitioners, like Hardy and Galsworthy, Mr. Brett Young must be added. "This Little World" thoroughly deserves its great success, and the quality of the book deserves careful sifting.

As the title implies, it is the story of a village immediately after the war, and with great skill the life of the place is presented from the different, sometimes clashing, points of view of the impoverished squire, the intruding millionaire, the vicar, the doctor, the innkeeper, some farmers' families, and the spinster who watches all—and disapproves of most of them. The way in which the destinies of the many characters are interwoven is admirable and apparently effortless. It is one of those enjoyable books very easy to overpraise, and criticism is the more diffident because its success just now is very welcome. For the success means that, for all our chaos that modernists delight to depict and (if possible) to heighten, there is still an appetite for good sense, for tradition, for natural human beings, despite the scum of hectic and abnormal people and conditions that occupy the foreground both of life and of books. Moreover, Mr. Brett Young, less than Galsworthy, does not take secret sides. He is as fair to his millionaire as to his squire, to the squire's son (who loathes the country, in which he was not bred) as to his mother and father, who cling to it. At the end, too, there is (with a minor exception) no victor and no vanquished. The village goes on, though with electricity and a petrol-pump; the magnate and the squire begin to compromise; the inevitable change is somewhat eased. Nevertheless, I doubt whether an accident followed by a trial would suffice to turn a modern young man keen on money and engineering into a contented heir to an encumbered estate that he never knew till he was grown. Otherwise, all is so admirably disposed that the chances of the book's survival are an interesting speculation. Its virtues being obvious, what is there on the other side? Mr. Brett Young can get inside the skins of many different kinds of people, but more is required for a book

to last. He must also be able to see them from without, indeed, from above; for, if he does not, they will remain types rather than persons. Yet in the great novels, let us say Miss Austen's, we *remember* them as individuals—first of all. Now Mr. Brett Young's spinster is manifestly a type, the one obvious type among the rest, but do the others, though distinct, some even complex (like his imaginative doctor), rise sufficiently into separate human entities? I doubt if they do. Moreover, his style has a certain faded uniformity, as of a photographic negative that scarcely comes to life—except in dialogue, which he manages extremely naturally and well. His backgrounds are accurate and careful rather than glowing. A dash of the poet is what he needs, and while we read a story that for all its length scarcely ever flags, we are more interested in the narrative than in anybody in it. There are no memorable scenes, no unforgettable passages. There is interest, expectancy, tenderness, truth, detachment, but there is no summons to return. It is a skilful and admirable composition, but it has not depth nor beauty. To a book so enjoyable, so deservedly welcomed, scrupulous criticism is the right response. If the high standard maintained by Mr. Brett Young proves infectious, so much the better!

A *conte*, like "The Lonely Lady of Dulwich," only needs to be read, for simplicity in art is beyond analysis and, if attained, it leaves the reader, strictly speaking, nothing to say of its art, though plenty, indeed, of critically irrelevant things: of the people who live in it. The endless discussions of "Manon Lescaut," for example, turn on her and on Des Grieux exactly as if they were still alive. The art of Prévost makes us take itself for granted. Well, to that tradition Mr. Baring's new tale belongs.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

OCTOBER AND PHEASANT SHOOTING!

THE ancients liked the pheasant as a table delicacy to such an extent that whenever their physicians spoke of the wholesomeness of any viands, they made their comparison with the pheasant. The hen bird is certainly the best eating, but the good sportsman has a "twinge" every time he sees a hen pheasant shot. I wonder in how many shoots to-day a fine is exacted whenever a hen bird is killed. Except on very particular occasions, when hen birds need thinning, they should never be killed. In other days when the sport of shooting was conducted on stricter lines, the fine of half a guinea was exacted for the offence, even from a novice. For the size of the cock and his length of tail are guides for the most inexperienced sportsman. Pheasants will be very plentiful this year. Poaching, at least in this country, is a neglected "art." There was a time when the poacher did well. I wonder if any poacher has ever heard of pheasants being caught at night when roosting in trees by the application of a smoking apparatus to stupefy the bird. I have heard such a method described as "moonshine," but am quite prepared to believe anything of the poachers' craft.

* * *

THE drought in England has been at any rate a blessing to the mechanized forces of the Army. Machines not being such greedy and particular drinkers as horses and men are having an opportunity to prove themselves, in a way, the protagonists of mechanization never anticipated. And they have made such good use of it that the powers-that-be are becoming more "mechanized-minded." Already the War Office realizes that the area for manœuvres of tanks cannot be localized as those of the foot-soldiers have been, and tanks are, therefore, asking the indulgence of landowners and farmers for passage over their lands. And I am glad to say the said landowners and farmers have behaved most patriotically and allowed these land-cruisers every facility.

Even our horses and cattle are becoming tank-minded and taking no notice of these "monsters."

* * *

THE recent thunderstorms accompanied with much lightning, bring into prominence the importance of all buildings being fitted with satisfactory lightning conductors. This is a specialist's job and when visiting Canterbury Cathedral I found that their lightning experts were Messrs. R. C. Cutting & Co., whose experience extends well over a generation and whose steeplejacks are some of the best men at their work in the world.

* * *

MESSRS. CUTTING tour the whole country by car installing and inspecting buildings and houses. The Lords of the Admiralty, the War Office, the

Office of Works, the Post Office and all the chief railway companies utilize their services, whilst the ecclesiastical authorities of all the denominations seek their advice how best to protect their buildings, and many of these buildings are national heirlooms of great treasure. And I would like to add for the benefit of the many wireless enthusiasts that Messrs. Cutting's advice for the elimination of all risks from aerials is most valuable. I will never forget the shock that nearly killed me when listening in to an aerial set in Southern Michigan during a thunderstorm. One of the listeners-in was gravely shocked and never recovered her health again.

* * *

LITERARY associations and church bells have at times a kindred relationship, but it is not often that a literary work has been the means of saving the old bells of a church, which were cracked, out of tune, and could not be reconditioned on account of the expense. But this has happened at the village Church of Martin, twelve miles from Salisbury, where the 300-year old bells owe their reconditioning to a book written 25 years ago and to a new system of restoring church bells without re-casting them.

* * *

W. H. HUDSON in his twenty-five year old book "A Shepherd's Life" described "Winterbourne Bishop" as the village "I love best." Winterbourne Bishop is the pen-name of Martin. The vicar of Martin recently made an appeal to all who enjoyed the book for help. One of the helpers was Mr. C. W. Brett, the managing director of Barimar, Ltd., a London firm of welding engineers who have discovered a process for restoring church bells without re-casting them.

Altogether a very pleasant romance in these hurrying days. Church, literature and science, a happy and useful trinity in restoring the old and creating the new.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

Road Traffic

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I would like to thank THE ENGLISH REVIEW for its valuable contribution, in the August issue, to this problem—the most urgent of our domestic troubles requiring radical treatment, and practical intelligence in its application, for a real solution.

The clause (*b*) in the conclusions drawn by Mr. Willcox in his summary of suggestions not only convinces by its inherent logic and practicability, it constitutes a devastating criticism of our honesty and humanity in allowing such an obvious factor as speed to remain a matter for opinion rather than for experiment. I am on the road daily, and have no hesitation in endorsing his advocacy of a mechanically-imposed speed-limit—the only kind that can be *effectively* imposed.

We shall not materially reduce the present casualty lists until we legislate on the assumption that human control requires the safeguard of mechanical inhibitions, where the manipulation of such dangerous machines as motor-cars—by all and sundry and by the million—is concerned.

Yours gratefully,

J. E. HETHERINGTON.

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Correspondence—*continued.*

Steel Traps Bill

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—If anybody has any further doubts about the cruelty of the steel-toothed trap, let him stand for a short time after dark at the corner of some field in England, where these traps have been set; for our law still allows many persons to set steel traps in the open. The piteous cries of rabbits borne across the field on the quiet summer air will convince him. He need not wait for any ocular demonstration by daylight.

If such a scene could be enacted, for one day only, in some London park, the public outcry raised would be so great that legislation would at once have to be passed to put a stop to it. The torture of the steel trap is, indeed, akin to that of the thumbscrew of medieval times, which crushed the bone until the marrow oozed out.

In South Wales there have been many instances of cattle being found with steel traps on their lips, picked up while grazing; and in a few cases on their tongues, which have had to be amputated. No domestic animal is safe from them.

The University of London Animal Welfare Society, 68 Torrington Square, has now drafted a bill for Parliament to abolish the common steel trap altogether. May I hope that it will receive the support which such a measure undoubtedly deserves? The steel-toothed trap is no longer necessary, as there are now efficient and humane substitutes for all animals.

C. VAN DER BYL (MAJOR),
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